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THE GEOGRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
"The War in South Africa" and "Colenso"

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Ever since the war in South Africa began, the cry has been for more mounted men to be sent out. Not only are the Boers mounted, and the most mobile of enemies, but the country is of such a nature that much scouting has to be done. The enemy must be discovered as they lurk behind perfect cover, and wait for some brave British regiment of infantry to charge them. And more than once they have not waited in vain.

THE EYES OF THE ARMY: SCOUTS AT WORK

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Topics of the Week

The Talk
of
Inter-
vention

PRINCE BISMARCK used laughingly to confess that he suffered from a chronic *cauchemar des coalitions*. We are now enabled to sympathise with him. In the intervals of the anxiety with which the British public follows the development of the campaign in South Africa, it is haunted by the possibility of foreign complications. A coalition, perhaps, is far off, but intervention of some kind is not regarded as improbable, while most of us are prepared—in the sense that we should be astonished—for a diversion organised by one or another of the Continental Powers. The thing has occurred before, and it may well occur again. Poor Gordon's tragic death was due less to the military power of the Dervishes than the action of Russia on the Afghan frontier. Mr. Herbert Gladstone told us only the other day that among the many motives which actuated the Majuba surrender a fear of foreign complications was not the least imperative. Nor is this dread confined to shallow students of passing politics. There is, perhaps, no sounder judge of the international situation than the *Spectator*, and for several weeks past that journal has been urging upon the Government a large programme of defensive and offensive precautions in view of a Continental attempt to profit by our South African embarrassments. For our part this pessimism seems too darkly coloured. All things are of course possible in politics, and when one remembers that so veteran an expert in foreign affairs as the late Lord Hammond declared the international horizon to be absolutely cloudless within a week or two of the Franco-German war, one cannot but hesitate to laugh at prophets of evil. The attitude of the Powers towards us is certainly not reassuring. Hitherto we have sought some consolation in the friendship of Germany, which we have done our best to win; but it is now very clear that that friendship is not to be relied upon. With all his attachment to the axiom *voluntas regis suprema lex* the German Emperor cannot wholly blind himself to the drift of public opinion, and it is not a little significant that Professor Delbrück has recently declared that the Kaiser is to-day the only real Anglophile in his dominions. To this fact we may attribute the distinctly unfriendly tone of Count Von Buelow's recent speeches—a tone which has been all the more remarked since it stands in so conspicuous a contrast to the spirit implied in the recent visit of the Emperor to Windsor. We hesitate to believe, however, that this unfriendliness is more than passive. Nothing has happened since the failure of Count Muravieff's intervention negotiations in the autumn to induce the Powers to reconsider the attitude they then took up. On the contrary, much has happened that seems to point to the opposite conclusion. Nevertheless, it may well be prudent to make provision against the risks we are running, however narrow the margin they seem to occupy. If there is any idea of intervention abroad the best way to prevent it developing into action is to show that we do not intend to tolerate it.

Caught at
Last

SIR FRANCIS WINGATE has succeeded where every previous British commander in the Soudan had failed. To him alone has it been given to both catch and hold that "slippery eel," Osman Digna. Many a time has this famous Dervish leader been reported a captive; still more frequently has he figured in the lists of slain. But sooner or later he always made his reappearance, and generally with those "striking effects" which some British Generals considered highly inconvenient. It is noteworthy, however, that Osman never played the heroic rôle with artistic finish outside his own theatre, the Eastern Soudan. At the Atbara and Omdurman battles, prudence characterised him much more than pluck, and he also displayed the better part of valour when the Khalifa, driven to bay, died fighting. But Osman was no coward for all that; there is plenty of proof that in his many engagements round about Tokar and Suakin he never hesitated to risk his life when occasion required it. That, however, was before the death of the Mahdi. Whether Osman really believed in the impostor may, perhaps, be open to doubt, but he unquestionably served the Prophet faithfully, zealously and bravely. But the Khalifa did not stand in at all the same position in Osman's eyes. As ambitious as he was able, the latter counted upon succeeding to the supreme chiefship whenever the Mahdi went to join the green-veiled houris, and it enraged him greatly when Abdulla was preferred before him by the Baggara. From that moment dated his decadence as a warrior; he apparently scorned to put forth his military talents, much more to risk his person, on behalf of one who was neither *sacro-sanct* like the Mahdi, nor able to command in the field. Under more fortunate auspices, Osman Digna might have become a mighty ruler; as it is, his restless career has come to an ignoble end at the very scene of his most brilliant achievements.

The
Condition
of India

THERE can be little doubt that the famine from which India is now suffering, and which each week appears to grow worse, is one of the most serious of recent years. There are now considerably more than 3,000,000 people in receipt of famine relief, and that figure represents, of course, only

a small portion of the total number of persons who are feeling the pinch of scarcity. In such a serious calamity it is fortunate that the Government of India is, apart from the plague in Bombay, exceptionally free from other embarrassments. There is profound peace among the tribes on the North-West frontier, and the good relations established with them have enabled the Government of India to very greatly reduce military expenditure. Even more important, from a financial point of view, is the rise in the rate of exchange. In the Budget estimate for the present financial year the rupee was taken at just under 1s. 4d., but it has been above 1s. 4d. for the greater part of the year, and is now about 1s. 4½d. The difference appears very slight, but the effect on Indian finances is measured by hundreds of thousands of pounds. It must be realised, however, that the financial strength of the Government of India is but a poor consolation for the famine which is bringing so many millions of the subjects of the Government within sight of starvation. Even if the whole revenue of the Indian Government were devoted to famine relief, it would not prevent all the suffering that exists. The root of the trouble is to be found in the total dependence of the mass of the population upon agriculture, and in the fact that throughout enormous areas all agricultural operations are liable to be brought to an absolute standstill by the failure of the rains. It is in the gradual development in India of manufacturing industries suitable to the conditions of the country that must be found the real safeguard against the horrors of famine. In this matter the Government of India might well take example from Ireland and establish a Board of Industries and Agriculture for helping the people to develop with modern scientific methods the splendid resources of the country.

The Artists' War Fund Exhibition
at the Guildhall Art Gallery

THE opportunity offered to the patriot, the art lover and the philanthropist by the donors of the beautiful little exhibition at the Guildhall Gallery is one that should certainly be seized by everyone who can appreciate a good picture and a good cause. Nor need one be rich, either, to help the fund and acquire an exquisite work of art at the same time, for the artists who have given these charming things have priced them very low with the view to encourage the buyer. The artists of England—or the better part of them—have brought forth their palettes and brushes: it is now for the public to produce their pens and cheque-books.

The exhibition which graces the walls of the Guildhall Gallery consists chiefly of small pictures and sculptures; but so excellent are these that it may, without exaggeration, be said that the average is higher than a good Academy exhibition. Sir L. Alma-Tadema has never surpassed the technical beauties of his "Flag of Truce" (there are several pictures here bearing allusion to the war), Sir Edward Poynter rarely more accomplished than in his "White Roses," nor Mr. Gregory more exquisite and masterly than in "The Inception of a Song," nor Mr. Frank Dicksee more felicitous in fine colour than in "Stella," nor Mr. Luke Fildes fresher or daintier than in "Netta." And these are but a few. There is work of high order by Mr. Perugini and Mrs. Kate Perugini ("An Admirer of Dickens"), by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A. ("Burning Weeds"), Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., Sir William Richmond, R.A. ("Maid of Athens"), Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Leader, R.A., Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., Mr. Mortimer Menpes, Mr. Melton Fisher, Mr. John Bacon, Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. Ralph Peacock, Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., Lady Alma-Tadema, Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., Mr. McClure-Hamilton, Mr. George Joy, Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., Mr. S. J. Solomon, A.R.A., Sir F. Seymour Haden, P.R.E., Mr. Frank Short, Miss Kate Greenaway, Miss Mary Gow, Mr. Boughton, R.A., Professor Herkomer, R.A.—but the list grows too long.

A feature of peculiar importance and interest consists in the personal interest which the Queen and Royal Family have taken in the scheme. Her Majesty has contributed two etchings by herself—"Portrait of Prince Alfred, now Duke of Coburg," and "Adelaide, Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Mother of the present German Empress," as well as an elaborate "Head of a Man," etched by the Prince Consort. Furthermore, for each of these the Queen has added one of her autographs written for the purpose. In view of the excessive rarity of these plates, good prices should be reached. The Princess Louise, who, accompanied by the Marquess of Lorne and supported by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs in State, opened the exhibition on Monday last, has also presented one of her clever water-colours—"Botzen—a Sketch." There are besides two recent portraits of the Queen—the first by Mr. Weigall, for which Her Majesty afforded some special assistance, and a pencil drawing by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., executed on the eightieth birthday of the Queen. Thus Royalty and loyalty, peace and war, patriotism and charity, all combine to make a great addition to the Mansion House War Fund.

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A WAR BUDGET FOR ONE PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

EMPHATICALLY—most emphatically—do I protest against Parliament Street being obliterated on the map of London. But objection should have been made before the 15th of this month, anything that I have to say on the matter will probably be too late. But if I had protested in good time, I do not suppose the London County Council would have taken much notice of my remarks on the subject. Parliament Street has been in existence now one hundred and forty-four years, several notable Coronations and processions have passed along it, as well as most of the persons of no less than five reigns, and a good deal of his country has been packed into its existence. Anybody choosing to compile a memoir of this thoroughfare might produce a very interesting history. Moreover, it is the only street of its name—if we take a modern and unimportant one somewhere down east—there is an additional reason why a title which is associated with so many reminiscences should be preserved. Unless there is a very good reason the name of a street should be unalterable, and the craze for re-numbering houses is absolutely indefensible. The system only leads to hopeless confusion and gives no end of trouble to those wishing to identify the houses of celebrities of the past. The L.C.C. is desirous of altering the names of streets, which they begin with the countless King Streets, Queen Streets and others which have no historical association with the crown, and whose constant duplication leads to endless confusion. If they had allowed the name of Parliament Street to remain, we should have been very grateful.

A courteous correspondent at Weston-super-Mare—who is fond of collecting a delightful time one autumn—reminds me that I am in error with regard to Mark Tapley never having experienced a London fog. Do you know, I was a little bit doubtful after the fog had been penned, but I happened to be writing in a hurry, and my usually good memory was clouded by the effects of *lumbago*. "Lumbago and its Influence on the Memory," by the way, would make a good subject for an article in the *Lancet*. On the subject I should have remembered the incident in "Martin Chuzzlewit," where the hero of the story meets his lady-love, she having been conducted to the trysting-place in Saint James's Park by the invaluable Tapley. We read:—"It was raw, damp, dark and dismal—the clouds were as muddy as the ground, and the short perspective of every street and avenue was closed up by the mist as by a deadly curtain." There is no doubt about a real London fog being indicated in this description. If there were it is dispelled by the lines which may be read a little further on:—"Her squire, Mr. Tapley, at the same time fell discreetly back and surveyed the fog as he did him with an appearance of great interest." But I must say that this little sign of Mark's jollity throughout this chapter. It would have been, indeed, creditable for him to have "come out strong" on this occasion, but he seems to have failed to take advantage of the opportunity. I am inclined to think the most advanced of us must bow to the depressing influences of a London fog.

As one of the British Public who is glad to pay my money for a good theatrical entertainment when I can have a good view, I am glad to read in the *Daily Telegraph*, of the new St. James's Theatre, "If there is one point upon which Mr. Alexander has succeeded in plume himself more than another it is, however, that the new seat in the new house from which the stage is not perfectly visible. Probably this means that the energetic manager has at last a satisfactory fashion the great question of the matinee hat. I tender him my most sincere congratulations, and I am also glad to hear that he has removed all the private boxes, except the box and the one immediately facing it. Of course a box must be reserved for Royalty and their friends, but besides that accommodation always strikes me as being altogether a bygone institution, belonging to a period when people used to go to the theatre to meet their friends and chatter rather than listen attentively to the play. And what useless things private boxes used to be, in cases for the playgoer. You paid for four seats, and there was often only one seat from which you could get a fair view of the stage; they were badly lighted, they abounded in awkward steps, so that you ran the risk, if you tripped, of headlong into the pit, the doors were always difficult to open, and the pretentious curtains interrupted your view—no doubt were as awkward and as behind-the-age as the bathing-machine, and it is sincerely to be trusted that Mr. Alexander's example will be extensively followed.

More changes are likely to take place in the City. There is a project for improving Bartholomew Close. I have not heard lately, but at one time it was a most picturesque enclosure with huge wooden gates that, I fancy, were shut at night. I have a vivid recollection of attending a very jovial party in this quarter, given by some young students of "Part's," and recall how picturesque and varied the houses looked in the summer morning light, and how the hilarity of the departing guests seemed to strike a discord amid the snoreful silence of the City. The Close in those days was a queer, irregular, startlish area, and, I believe, some of our friends had a considerable difficulty in finding their way out of it, and some got into trouble by thinking they had arrived home and delivered double the amount of extraordinary vigour and duration on the doors of people to whom they had no previous acquaintance. I can also recall a queer little oyster shop in this spot, where, hanging behind the counter, was a very good example of portraiture by Hoppner, which the proprietor said was an ancestor of his, and no offer would induce him to part with it. There were all sorts of curious places and odd corners round and about this neighbourhood. In the Fair might be found a quaintly fashioned wooden arched sheltering a number of curious little shops, and there were and are houses and tumble-down tenements without end. I am sadly afraid their site is now occupied by palatial warehouses or gigantic suites of offices, or if they are not they very soon will be.

War Concerts

The principal event of the week was the War Concert, on Saturday, at the Albert Hall, in which ten of the champion brass bands of the provinces took part. About 9,000 persons were present; and they were brought by excursion trains from the country. The bands were formed mainly by working men, who compete at the contests which—particularly in Yorkshire, the Midlands, and Lancashire—are held in various cities from Easter to the autumn holiday. Very large sums are occasionally given in prizes, and, in fact, two of the bands who appeared at the Albert Hall on Saturday, namely, the Bess of the Barn and the Black Dyke, have, it is already each carried off 10,000/., and the Wyke Temperance Band, in prizes. So far as the experiment at the Albert Hall was concerned, the best of the bands seemed to be the West Hartlepool Band, who, under the conductorship of Mr. A. Owen, gave a performance of melodies of Weber. The tone of these players, at least, was more mellow than that of some of their colleagues, and they were often rough, although the test was hardly a fair one, as the bands, of course, are formed chiefly with the view to their performance in the open air. Besides the bands already mentioned, there were others respectively from North and South Wales, from the West of Scotland, from the Eastern Counties, and elsewhere. They all joined with the band of the Royal Engineers in a programme which may fairly be described as an almost stunning performance of Sullivan's "Absent-minded Beggar," now arranged as a concert and provided with a new and effective trio. This item was directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan himself. Mr. Albani, Mr. Lloyd, Miss Butt, and Mr. Andrew Black like to perform, most of them, with the exception of Madame Albani, in songs of the patriotic order. There are to be two more War Concerts at the Albert Hall, both of which seem much more imposing affairs than this. Down to date, it seems likely that the biggest War Concert will be that to be given towards the end of next month at Covent Garden. The programme will have a performance by "Society" amateurs of *A Pantomime* by Sullivan, which has wisely been abandoned. Covent Garden is too large for such a thing, especially where amateurs are concerned. Instead the affair will be a concert, with recitations by celebrated artists, and Madame Patti will sing. The chief people engaged in the organising of the concert are Lady Lansdowne and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, so that the affair promises to be a very special one indeed. Mr. Rothschild has, it is said, already sold two private boxes for the night at the "record" price of 250 guineas each, and he hopes to beat even that sum. Ordinary concert managers seem to have reason in their growls that with war competition of this sort against them the chances of concert-giving must be more or less affected. However, so far as London concerts are concerned, there already appears to be a great change for the better.

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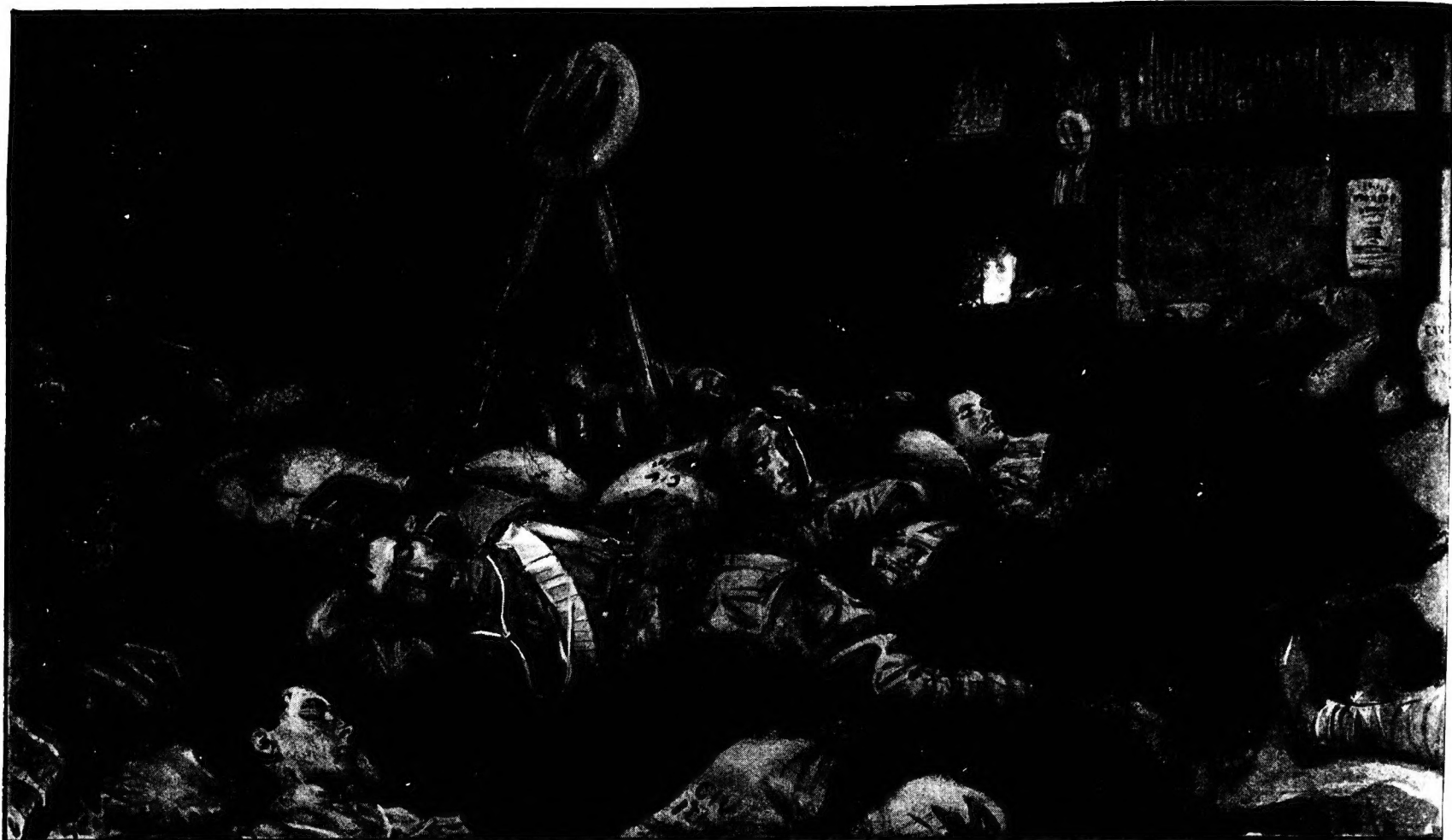
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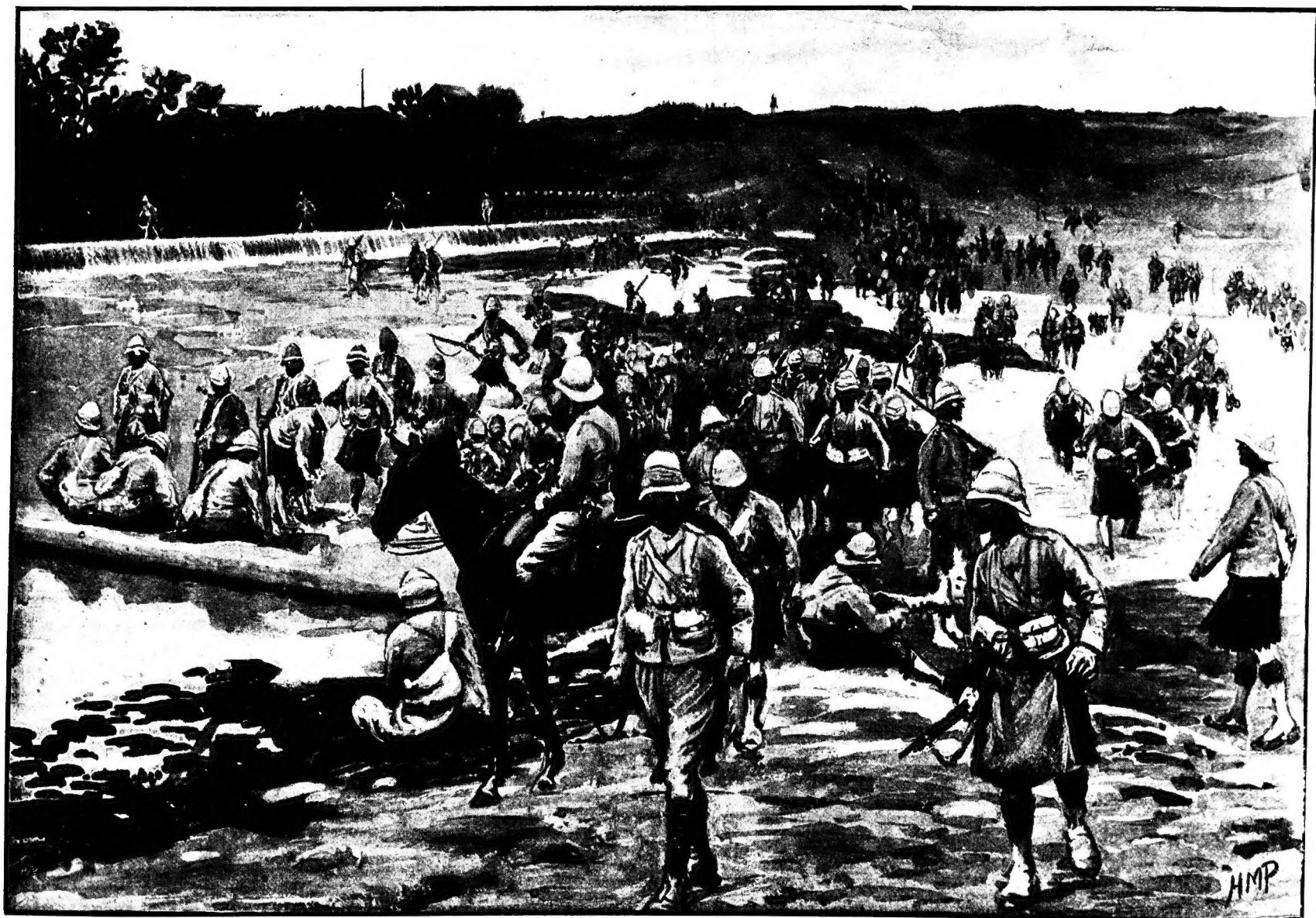
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The second detachment of the City Imperial Volunteers, numbering some 800 men, left London for South Africa on Saturday. They slept the night before at the headquarters of the London Scottish and the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. Our illustration shows the men at the first-named quarters enjoying a brief spell of rest before leaving to muster at Wellington Barracks

ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE: THE C.I.V. AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THIELE

The Modder River was the scene of Lord Methuen's third successful battle, and it was after camping on the north side of the river that the General met with a reverse at Magersfontein. The Highlanders, who are here shown to be crossing the river, suffered terribly at Magersfontein, where the brigade was badly cut up, General Wauchope, who commanded, being among those killed

WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE: CROSSING THE MODDER RIVER



Englishmen are proverbial for taking their sports with them everywhere. Football is played at Ladysmith in spite of the Boers' shells, and here we have our men indulging in a game of cricket while waiting to be ordered to the front. Our illustration is by our special photographer, Reinhold Thiele

KEEPING IN TRAINING: A CRICKET MATCH AT DE AAR



At Frere, which is twenty-five miles south of Ladysmith, Sir Redvers Buller, on taking over the command of the Natal forces, pitched his first camp. Here he concentrated nearly 20,000 men, and in a fortnight everything was ready for the advance on Ladysmith. The Boers, who had previously blown up the railway bridge over the Blaauwkrantz River, retreated before the British advance. A trestle bridge across the spruit

has since been erected by our men. From Frere heliograph communication was established with Sir George White. Subsequently Sir Redvers Buller advanced to Chieveley, which lies about midway between Frere and Colenso. The batteries of artillery shown in the illustration are of the 14th and 66th, which lost ten guns at the battle of Colenso. Our photograph is by S. S. Watkinson

FRERE, WHERE SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FIRST CAMP WAS FORMED



The officers here shown are those of the 9th and 12th Lancers, which are brigaded together under Major-General Babington, with some Colonial irregulars and mounted infantry, and form the cavalry division of Lord Methuen's force. Their latest work at the front was in connection with Colonel Pilcher's action at Sunnyside,

when they operated in the Koodoosberg district to the north of Colonel Pilcher's advance, and thereby prevented reinforcements arriving to the Boers. Our illustration is from a photograph taken by our special photographer, Reinhold Thiele, at Modder River Camp

SOME OFFICERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL BABINGTON'S CAVALRY BRIGADE

The Late Duke of Teck

FRANCIS PAUL LOUIS ALEXANDER, DUKE OF TECK, was the son of Duke Alexander of Württemberg and the Countess Claudine Rhéday of Hungary. This marriage, which took place in 1835, was morganatic, and the Countess of Rhéday was created the Countess of Hohenstein. Three children were born, the late Duke of Teck being the only son. The Duke of Teck claimed to have British blood in his veins, for he traced his ancestry back to Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., who married Frederick, the "winter King" of Bohemia. Among the thirteen children of this marriage was the Princess Sophia, mother of George I., and it is through her that the connection of the houses of Stuart and of Guelph is established. Prior to his marriage His Highness served in the Austrian Army. He first obtained a commission in the 1st Lancers, then was transferred to the Guards Squadron in 1856, and subsequently was promoted captain in the 7th Hussars, and accompanied Field-Marshal Wimpffen to Italy, serving throughout the Franco-Italian Campaign of 1859. He received the gold medal for distinguished service at the battle of Solferino. After he came to reside in England he took a keen interest in the Volunteer movement. In 1867 he accepted the honorary colonelcy of the 1st City of London Artillery Volunteers. He was also invited, in 1874, to accept the honorary colonelcy of the 24th Middlesex Rifle (Post office) Volunteers, and in 1882 served on Lord Wolseley's staff in Egypt. For his services here he was mentioned in despatches, received the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's Star, and was made colonel unattached. He also held an honorary rank in the Württemberg Dragoons. A keen sportsman, a first-rate rider, and a capital shot, the Duke of Teck soon made himself popular in his adopted country. He was an energetic President of the Royal Botanic Society, an enthusiastic gardener, as the grounds of the White Lodge bore evidence, and, moreover, the artistic instinct was strongly developed in him. Under the will of the late Duchess of Cambridge, her daughter and grandchildren became possessed of a fine collection of antique furniture, *bric-à-brac*, and *objets d'art*. To the best disposal of these the Duke gave infinite attention, and it may be questioned whether fans, miniatures, china, and silver-work have ever been shown to greater advantage than in the rooms at the White Lodge.

The Duke of Teck's great claim, though, on the English public lay in his marriage. He married, in 1866, the Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Adolphus Frederick, seventh son of King George III., and sister of the Duke of Cambridge. Princess Mary had refused an offer from Oscar, King of Sweden, but fell in love at once with the young Austrian officer. The marriage was a very quiet ceremony at the village church at Kew, and subsequently the young couple took up their residence at Kensington Palace, where rooms were given them by the Queen. Here their four children were born, and here they lived for some years. Then, after a brief residence abroad, they returned to take up their residence in the White Lodge in Richmond Park, where their happy, unassuming home life was too well known to need comment. This quiet routine was broken in upon by the recent death of the Duchess of Teck, since which sad event the Duke had never been in good health; but the end came rather unexpectedly on Sunday evening in the absence of all the members of his family. The four children whom he leaves are: Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes (Princess "May"), married to the Duke of York; Prince Adolphus (1st Life Guards), married to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the late Duke of Westminster; Prince Francis (1st Dragoons), and Prince Alexander (7th Hussars). The three sons are all serving in South Africa; Prince Francis left Cape Town for the front only last Friday.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE exodus to South Africa continues. From almost every family one member has been taken, and in some cases the wives propose to follow. Lady Decies' daughter, Mrs. Wilkinson, started last week, Lady Curzon and Lady Chesham escort their husbands' ambulance hospital a little later on. The Queen has sent a very gracious letter and a donation of 100*l.* to the said fund, so that the Yeomanry, at least, will be well provided for.

The Duke of Marlborough started for the front last week. I fancy this occasion is the first since the great Napoleonic wars that Dukes have gone on foreign service. The Duke of Roxburghe is already at the seat of war, and the Duke of Norfolk has volunteered. It will be strange if the old prestige attached to the name of Churchill should be splendidly revived. Rarely indeed are the traditions of a famous General continued in his family. Since the

splendid collection of jewels is thus dispersed, especially when, as so often happens, it is sold to go abroad. In this way we gradually lose our treasures, our great collections of pictures, our libraries, precious stones and art jewels. In Italy private people are forbidden to sell their museums of pictures or their family jewels without the permission of the State, which accounts for the fact that people of rank at Rome, while yet very poor, own magnificent jewellery.

At a time when collections were still dispersed, Horace Walpole mentions a famous one that belonged to Cardinal Ottoboni, whose ostentation was immense. "Lord Carlisle, a great virtuoso, leave to see the Cardinal's collection of cameos and intagli. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my lord admired most. My lord admired them; they were all sent to him. The next morning he sent the Cardinal back a fine gold repeater, who returned him an agate snuff-box more cameos of ten times the value. *Voilà qui est fini*. If the Cardinal produced more gold repeaters, it would have been more cameos."

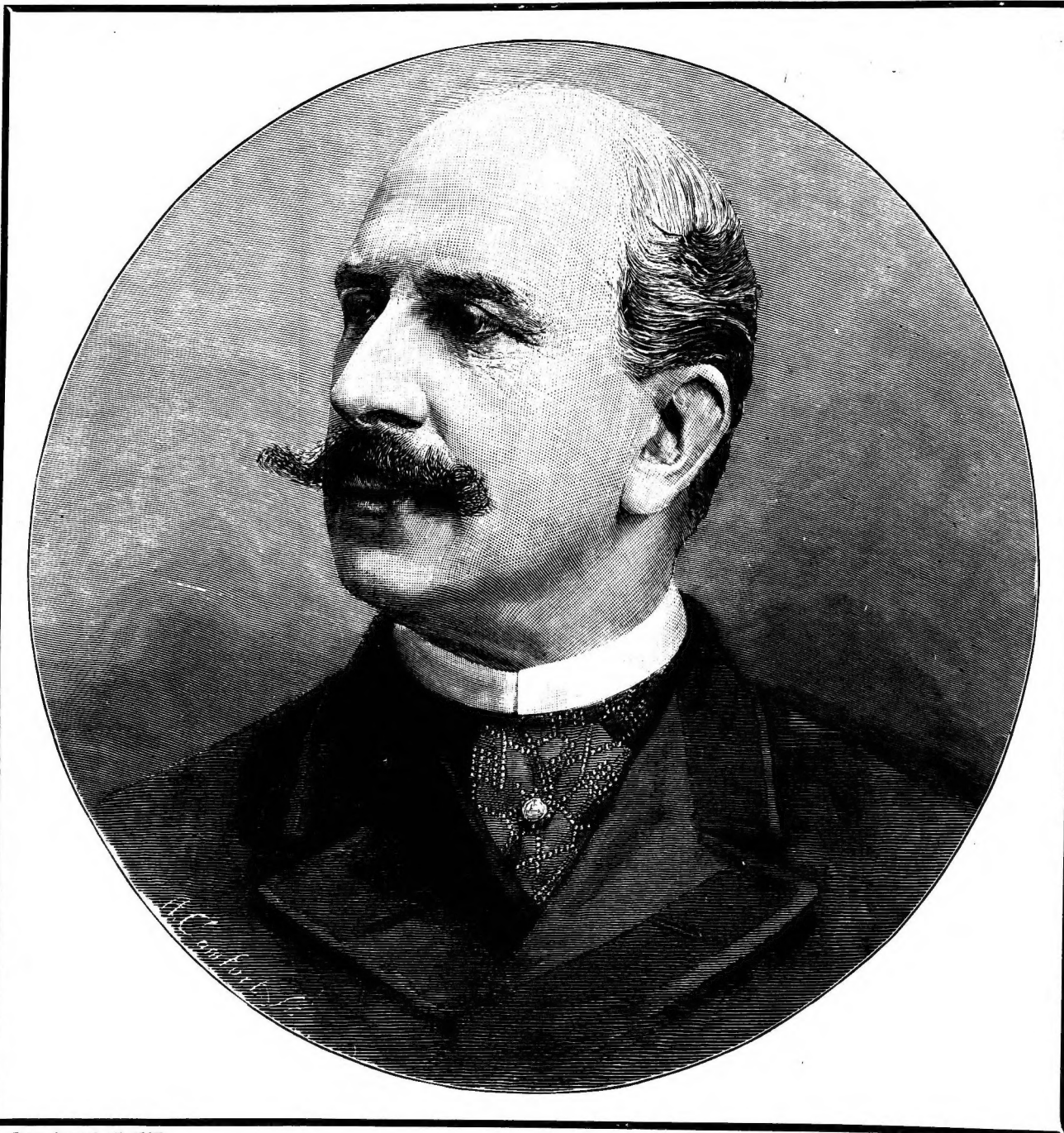
Though the days are still dark and gloomy, yet there is a

of spring in the air, and every street and a vision of beauty in the English daffodils, chiefly from the Islands, are in bloom. "that comes before the swallow," daffodils golden, dainty, the first harbinger of warmer and more genial days. The spring flowers have entirely doubled since the past few years, and is certainly now one of the most beautiful features of London. The fragrant flower-baskets, with their golden bunches of daffodils and tulips, the delicious life of the valley, the pink roses from the South of France, and the bouquets of home-grown purple violets, are within the reach of everyone's purse, bringing sweetness and light into the humblest home.

While everything is sad around us, and it is difficult to divert one's thoughts by the antics of farcical comedy, I should recommend every one to go and see the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Here it is lovely and poetic. The play, with its airy, fanciful, ethereal atmosphere, takes one completely out of the world's cares of everyday life. The sight is charmingly beautiful, with its coming and going in classical garb, by subtle changes of scene, and the weird glow of moonlight. The play is charmed by the words of Shakespeare, and the sweet music of Mendelssohn, and its effect on the nerves is soothing and restful. After a few hours in fairyland, it is almost horrible to return to our daily cares and sorrows, to the filled with mud and fog and the hoarse cries of newspaper hawkers.

The dramatisation of religious novels seems to be on the increase. First we had "The Christian," now it is said that Charles Sherrin's famous novel, "In His Steps," is prepared for the stage, and Edna Lyall's play, *In Spite of All*, which is to be produced at the Comedy, has for its basis and motive the religious scruples of a Puritan maiden. It has always seemed to me that religious subjects are scarcely a subject for the stage; if treated realistically it should be as in *Michael and His Lost Angel*, if treated lightly it ceases to be of interest. Religious novels and religious plays have rarely created great and legitimate success. Passion and emotion rather than intellectual feeling form the backbone of the drama.

The members of London Society who are already, or soon will be, in South Africa comprise the Dukes of Marlborough, Portland, Westminister, and Roxburghe; Lords Rosslyn, Wolverton, Dunairlie, Valentia, Stanley; Lord G. Talbot, Lord C. Bentinck, Lord E. Cecil; Sir Reginald Beauchamp, Sir John Diefenbaker, Sir Robert Filmer, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Norreys, Lord Curzon, Lord Chesham, the three Princes of Teck, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and two Equerries of the Prince of Wales. Altogether the "fine fleur" of the English nobility.



Born August 27, 1837

Died January 21, 1900

THE LATE DUKE OF TECK

From a Photograph by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond

days of the great Marlborough none of his family have specially distinguished themselves as military commanders. In fact the same thing seems to hold good in other professions. A great statesman, a great orator, a great painter rarely leave famous descendants, and it is therefore handicapping a man badly to bequeath him a great name.

Sir Francis Wingate, of Soudan fame, has recently been presented by his wife with a little daughter. Her birth occurred the day after her father's victory over the Khalifa, which resulted in the latter's death and the complete discomfiture of the Dervishes. The little lady, whose nativity was marked by such stirring events, was christened a few days ago. Her godmother was the Queen, while the godfather was Lord Cromer. The gifts presented to her included a diamond pendant from Her Majesty, a diamond cross from Sir R. Slatin, and a beautiful christening cup from Lord Cromer. The life of a child beginning under such brilliant auspices ought certainly to be a happy and remarkable one.

Madame de Falbe, who died recently, possessed beautiful jewels among her valuable belongings. Her four rows of splendid pearls she left to be divided between her two daughters, while her handsome rubies went to her granddaughter, Lady Stradbroke, and her sapphires to Lady Edmonton. It seems almost a pity when a

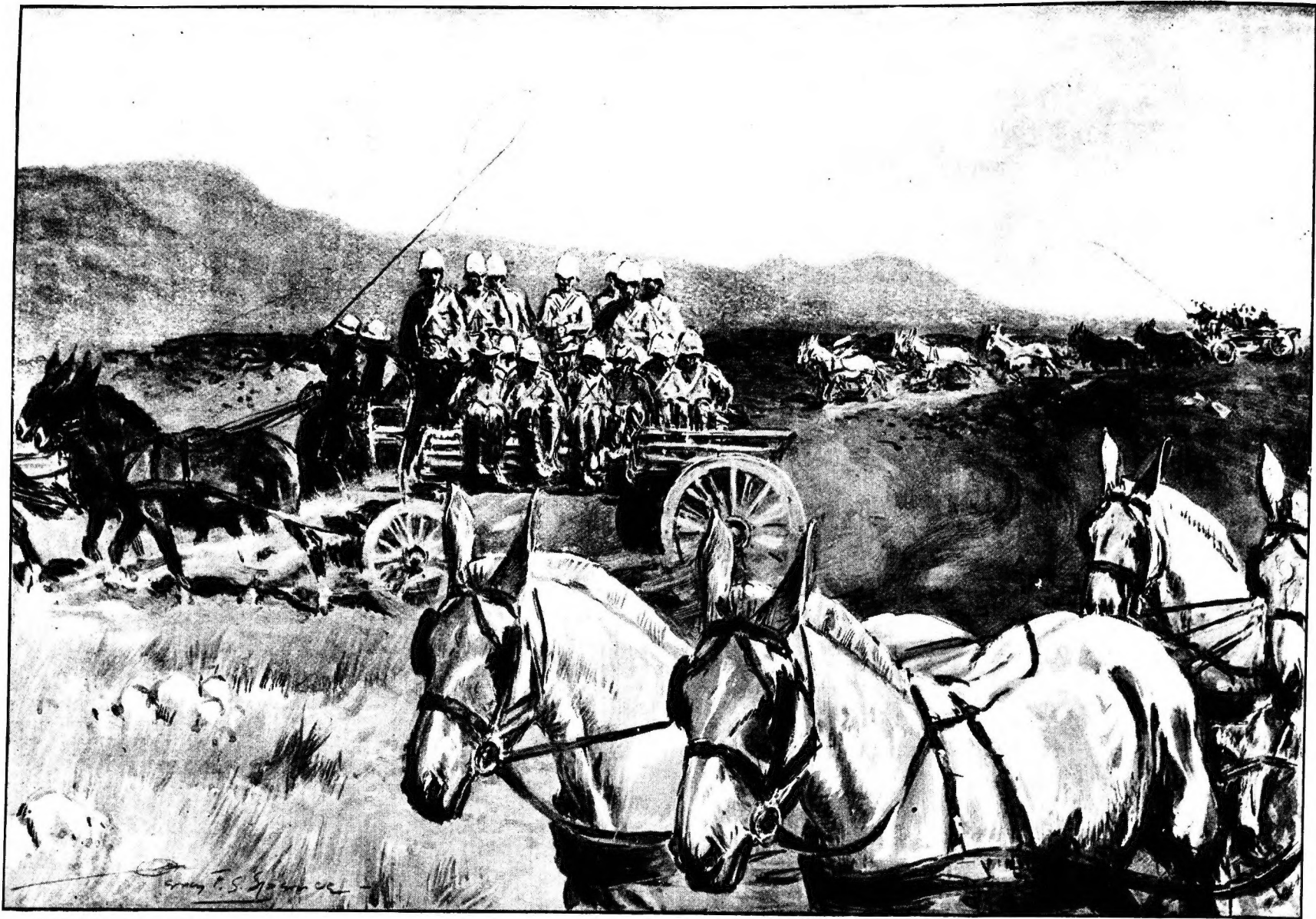


The second detachment of the City Imperial Volunteers were not delayed on their way from quarters to the railway station as were the first. Not that the crowds were less enthusiastic, but because better precautions were taken to prevent the recurrence of the scenes of the previous Saturday. The throng at the gates of Nine Elms Station was immense. Here the public were stopped, and no one of the public, not even reporters, were

admitted. The departure platform contained two trains. As soon as the first train had gone, a body of Volunteers in uniform and their friends jumped the line and rushed to their comrades of the C.I.V. The Duke of Connaught, who went to Nine Elms to see the contingent off, stood saluting as the train went by.

A ROYAL SEND-OFF: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE SECOND DETACHMENT OF THE C.I.V.

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THIELE

For transport a large number of mules have been requisitioned for service in South Africa. Wherever no line is available, all stores and baggage are carried in waggons drawn by ten, or sometimes twelve, of these animals. If there happens to be a lightly laden waggon, the soldiers are quick to seize the chance of a lift.

Indeed, to save his infantry the other day, on a night march near Rensburg, General French actually took the men out to action in these waggons

WITH LORD METHUEN: A LIFT BY THE WAY



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THIELE

After the battle of Magersfontein the wounded were sent down to the camp at Modder River. They arrived in Red Cross waggons drawn by mules. When the journey was over and the waggons pulled up they

were met by their comrades, all eager to hear the news and to sympathise with the poor fellows who had come back after one of the most trying of battles

SYMPATHY: MEETING THE WOUNDED ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT MODDER RIVER

AT HUNTER STREET,
BRUNSWICK SQUARE,
FEBRUARY 8, 1819

JOHN RUSKIN

By M. H. SPIELMANN

DIED AT BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON,
JANUARY 20, 1900

'Tis well: 'tis something: we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

Come, then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps, or wears the mask of sleep;
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

JOHN TENNYSON died no greater loss has been sustained by English literature in the memory of the present generation than that which is to be recorded here to-day. Of all men who have dominated the Art-world of Britain during the present century, Ruskin is beyond all question and beyond all comparison the greatest, by universal admission, the most individual and most interesting. What his exact position as a critic and an Artist may be, what his rank as a scientist or a leader of thought, I make no pretence here of determining. By common consent, he has been the most distinguished figure in the arena of Art-philosophy for half a century, a philanthropist-militant *par excellence*. He is the man who has admittedly moulded the taste of the public to a degree so powerful that he has given a direction to the practice of painting and architecture that may still be traced in the happiest productions of the day. His death gives reason for mourning to many; no one has more eloquently, passionately, pleaded the cause of the poor than Ruskin—no one (except it be, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone, his only political ally) could boast so vast a number of friends amongst the great mass of the public. No one was more justly appealed to for advice, none appealed to to better or kindlier purpose. None, indeed, has loved his country more or more loyally striven to serve her. And, in the general regret, few will be found so blind or rancorous as to remember aught but the conscientious labours of his life, the nobility of his sturdy efforts, and the sacrifices that he made for public and private good.

HIS LIFE

The outline of his life is briefly this:—He was born in London, at 54, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, on February 8, 1819. His father (his mother's cousin) was a Scotchman, bringing his "good and extremely strong" blood into the firm of wine merchants known as "Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq" (agents for the great sherry-grower, of Xerez), and to such good purpose that he speedily became a successful and wealthy man. John Ruskin, the son, was an only child, and for several years he was entirely without companions of his own age, with hardly an amusement or boyish joy, save such few as were allowed him by his austere and austerer aunt, and "accustomed to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way." Always

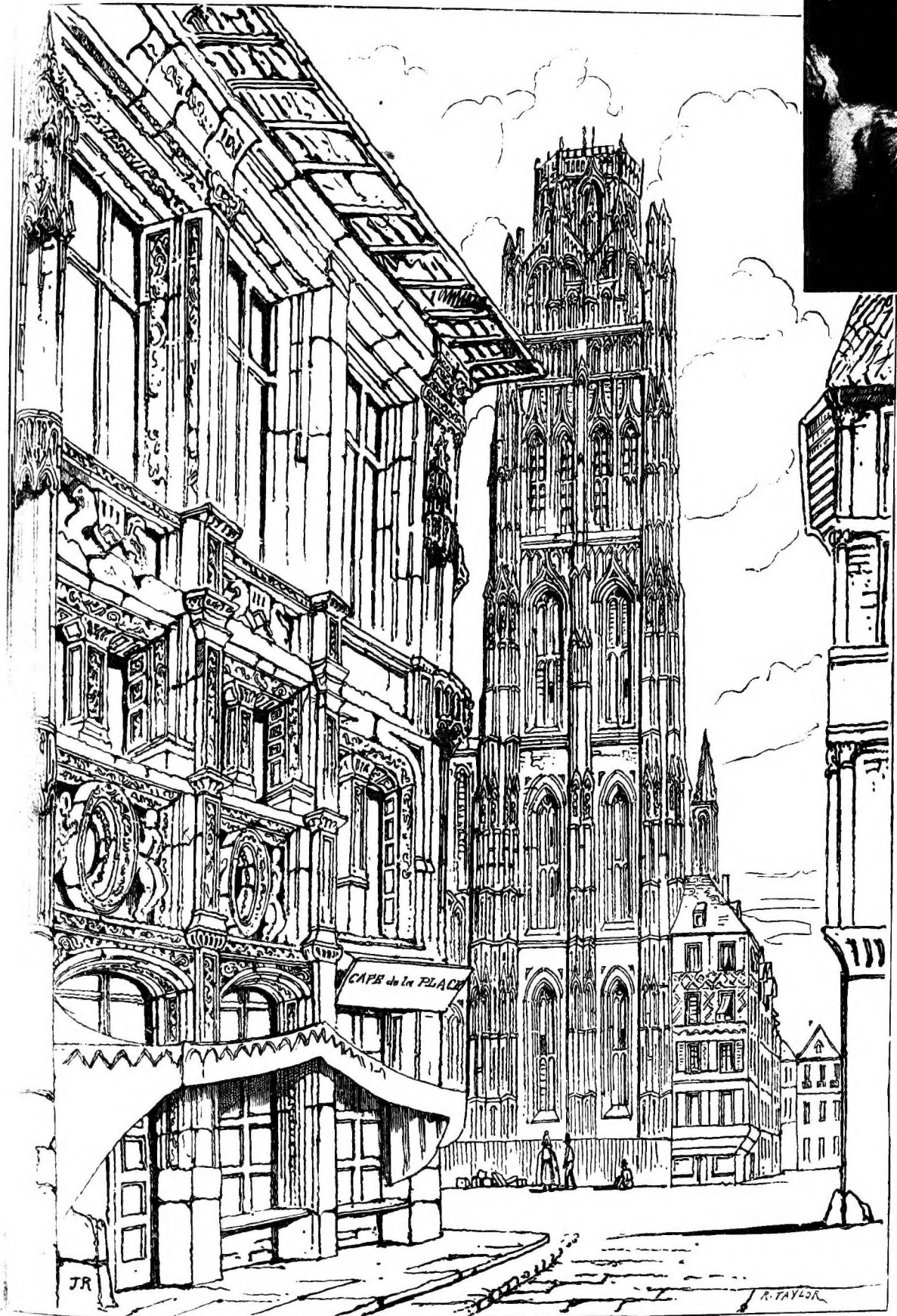


JOHN RUSKIN AT THE AGE OF 3
By James Northcote, R.A., 1822

an extremely sensitive and nervous child, he became studious, thoughtful, and observant, but lively and impressionable withal; so that when the "first event of his life" took place—no less an occasion than being taken by his eminently disagreeable nurse to the brow of Friar's Craig, or Derwentwater—the intense joy and awe he felt sank so deeply into his soul that the love of landscape became henceforth and for always his prevailing passion. In the conduct of his business Mr. Ruskin senior was constrained to drive throughout the length and breadth of England, travelling with post-chaise and pair; and as soon as his son was old enough he carried him with him during the holidays, and never missed showing to him all the beautiful views, the cathedrals, castles, ruins, and picture galleries (public and private) near which their course might lie. It was thus that the boy's love of scenery and of art was first nurtured and developed. He had already begun, at the age of eight, to sing the praises of landscape in precocious verse; and his father—a highly intellectual and cultivated man, and no mean artist himself—gladly recognised his tendency, and encouraged his passion by placing him for instruction under J. D. Harding and Copley Fielding. By those eminent but somewhat conventional water-colour painters—then reckoned among the best teachers of the day—his remarkable executive skill was formed, while his ordinary education he received first from members of his own family, and then from the testy Canon Dale and other private tutors.

It was in 1835, at the age of sixteen, that Ruskin made his first appearance in the public press by contributing a series of geological articles, with illustrations by himself, to the *Magazine of Natural History*, and, under the pseudonym of "Kata Phusin" ("According to Nature"), other papers on Art and Architecture to London's *Architectural Magazine*, which in 1892 were republished in sumptuous garb. Having entered Christchurch, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, he began at once his friendship with his contemporary Dr. (now Sir Henry) Acland—half a century later the indirect and unoffending cause, I believe, of his resignation of the Slade Professorship at the University. From Dr. Buckland he acquired that profound geological knowledge which has always been one of the mainstays of Ruskin's writings on Art or Science, and of inestimable service to him later, whether as critic, painter, lecturer, or disputant. It may also be said that to Mr. W. H. Harrison, Ruskin owed much that was not inborn of the elegance and purity of his literary style; just as from the Rev. Osborne Gordon he acquired much of his general scholarship. In 1839 he gained the Newdigate Prize with his poem "Salsette and Elephantia," which has since been reprinted; and he graduated M.A. in 1842. It was in that year that he wrote in support and defence of Turner, who, now eight-and-sixty years of age, old and alone, slighted and misunderstood, was being savagely written down by the critics, who could neither appreciate his beauties nor excuse his faults. In 1843, when twenty-four years old, and three years after his introduction to Turner, Ruskin expanded this explosion, penned "in the height of black anger," into what is known as the first volume of "Modern Painters: By a Graduate of Oxford." This, without doubt, was the greatest event of Ruskin's life, eventful and contentious as it has ever been.

The sensation which the book created in artistic circles has rarely been equalled before or since. Its reception was tremendous, and the violence and bitterness with which the unknown author was attacked by the critics were drowned only by the rapturous storm of applause that arose from the Art-public at large, who accepted with enthusiasm the brilliance and fire of his writing, and the force and genius of his powerful reasoning. The immediate effect of the work was to establish Turner's reputation, firmly and for ever, as



THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE, ROUEN, FROM AN EARLY DRAWING BY JOHN RUSKIN



MR. RUSKIN'S HOUSE AT HERNE HILL
By Arthur Severn, R.I.



BRANTWOOD, FROM CONISTON WATER
By Arthur Severn, R.I.

the greatest landscape-painter the world has produced, and his own as the greatest of modern English prose-writers. Four more volumes completed the work, but the last was not published until 1860; after nearly twenty years of laborious preparation, passed in incessant study and travelling, mainly in Switzerland and Italy, had been devoted to the task. Mr. Hamerton, in his "Intellectual Life," points out with truth how, save only the Humboldts, Ruskin affords the best example of the value of wealth to an intellectual career. Had it not been for his material prosperity, all his genius, force of resolution, and resistance to every temptation to indolence would not have sufficed to enable him to carry through the work of seventeen years' study and expensive preparation. As Mr. Hamerton says, "Modern Painters" is not merely a work of genius, but of genius seconded by wealth.

In the meantime he had been busy with other writings. In 1847 he contributed his first review to the *Quarterly*—his text being Lord Lindsay's "History of Christian Art." Two years later—having been brought, during his preparation of "Modern Painters," to turn his attention to the Queen of the Arts—he published his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," in which he sets forth the theory how in a nation's dominant style of architecture may be seen reflected their life, manners, and, conversely, their passions and their religion. Following on the lines thus laid down, Ruskin proceeded, in "The Stones of Venice," issued in 1851 and 1853, to tell the history of the rise and fall of Venice, as illustrated by her buildings, and to show how the prosperity and art of a nation are synchronous and interdependent, and how the purity of national art and of the national morals and conscience act and re-act each upon the other.

It was at this time, while Ruskin was astonishing the world with his originality and his eager sincerity, that the society then termed and since known as the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" sprang into being. A brilliant band of youthful enthusiasts—comprising John Everett Millais, Holman Hunt, W. M. Rossetti, Frederic G. Stephens, James Collinson, Thomas Woolner, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti—united themselves with the avowed object of founding a school of painting of which absolute truth to nature in all things, and especially in details, was to be the fundamental principle: a path of material truth from which Raphael was held to have been the first to stray, and which, by a sort of tacit consent, had been untrodden by all others since his day. An object and mission so worthy were precisely such as would enlist the sympathies and fire the generous and chivalrous nature of Ruskin. He straightway threw himself heart and soul into the fray, first by his celebrated letter to the *Times*, and afterwards by his "Pre-Raphaelitism," and other writings, whereby he not only succeeded in securing a fair hearing and judgment for its harassed and persecuted exponents, but in educating the public into an appreciation of their works. He came, in fact, to be regarded as the prophet of the school, and his doughty championship constitutes one of the stormiest passages of his disputatious life. His chief, or most obvious, reward was the ridicule of the world, or such part of it as he especially addressed himself to. The general sentiment aroused was fairly reflected by the amusing cartoon (here reproduced) by Mr. Frederick Sandys—himself, by the way, by no means out of sympathy with the teaching of the school. In his clever parody of Sir John Millais's "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," which was then the sensation of the Academy, Mr. Sandys humorously represented Ruskin as the ass of burden of the P.R.B., on whose back Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti were carried across the stream of shallow waters.

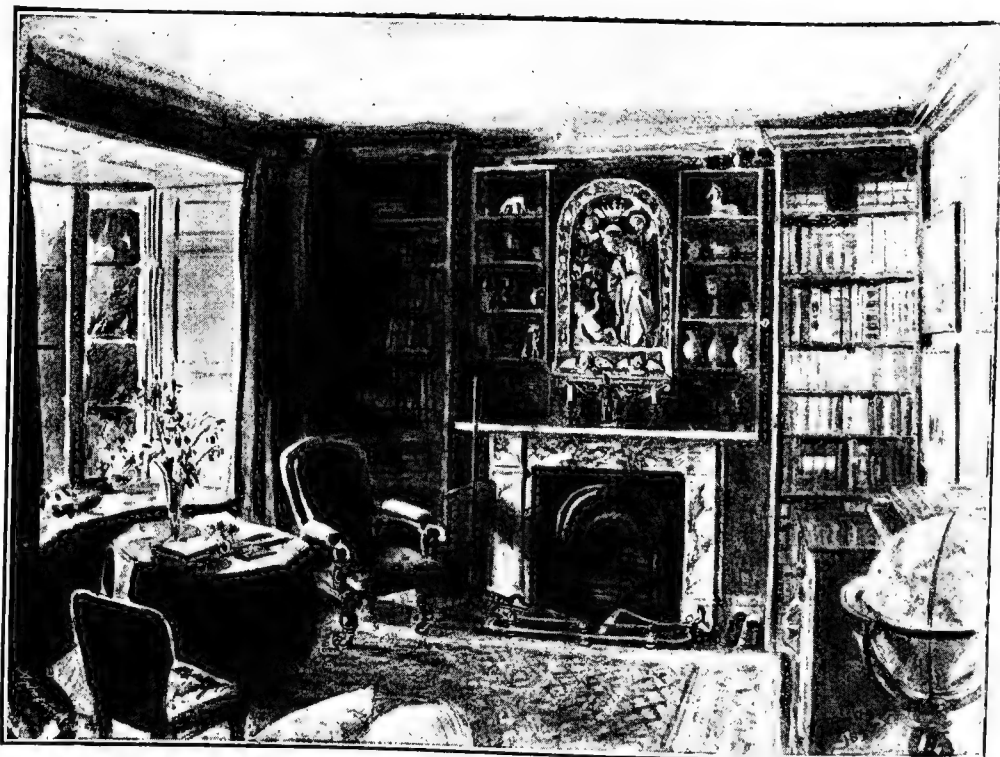
In 1860 Ruskin, who had by this time become a power in the land, threw himself into a new crusade. Truth, purity of motive, and honesty of execution, which he had so long and so fervently preached as essentials, not only to the highest, but to all sincere art, he now came to consider in relation to social science, and he began a series of papers entitled "Unto this Last," which he contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*. Their tendency and effect may easily be imagined. They waged war—with all the bitterness and all the torrentious eloquence of a prophet of old—against the whole world of commerce, and assailed the stronghold of the political economists with the fiery vigour of which John Ruskin, in these latter days, has almost alone been possessed. His principle and views, however, being based upon quite the highest interpretation and application of an ethical morality such as his master, Carlyle, had preached before him, were rejected with anger and contempt by the commercial community. So strongly, indeed, did they resent his Utopian philosophy that the editor (who, at that time, I believe, was Thackeray), fearful for the fate of his magazine, which was threatened with serious injury by the publication of the obnoxious articles, put a summary stoppage to their further issue. It was, however, one of the crowning and closing glories of Ruskin's life, at once his delight and consolation, that in more recent times thinkers have come to adopt many of his theories and contentions, and the public to receive them as truths.

In 1865 and 1866 appeared "Sesame and Lilies" and "Crown of Wild Olive," the most popular of Ruskin's books in England and America alike, if sales may be taken as a criterion, and, perhaps, his masterpieces of prose-writing. In 1867 he was elected Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, with the honorary degree of LL.D.; but so far back as 1853 he had made his *début* as a lecturer, when he addressed the Edinburgh students on "Gothic Architecture." Moreover he, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and F. D. Maurice, had taken vast interest of the teaching sort in the Working Men's College in 1865. In 1870 he was appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, to the chair founded in the previous year by Mr. Felix Slade. He was at Verona when he received the invitation, and, as he himself has written, "I foolishly accepted it. My simple duty at that time was to have stayed with my widowed mother at Denmark Hill [his father had died in 1864], 'doing whatever my hand found to do there. Mixed vanity, hope of wider usefulness, and partly her pleasure at my being in Oxford again, took me away from her and from myself.' For Mrs. Ruskin had loved Oxford, where she spent the three happy years her son had passed at college, for which sojourn of his mother's Ruskin was gladly grateful, for the sake of the delight and healthy influence her company afforded him. The professorship he continued to hold until 1879, delivering lectures on every phase of art—lectures which have since been published—and



"Mr. Sandys humorously represented Ruskin as the ass of burden of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, on whose back Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti were carried across the Stream of Shallow Waters."

CARTOON BY MR. FREDERICK SANDYS, PARODYING SIR JOHN MILLAIS'S "SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD"



MR. RUSKIN'S SITTING-ROOM AT BRANTWOOD
By Arthur Severn, R.I.

ing his post when he discovered that the enthusiasm and appreciation of his original and forceful way of things, than to real interest in the subjects on which he

famous periodical, "Fors Clavigera" ("Fortune, the"), was begun in 1871, and for eight years was devoted to his author's views upon everything in general, with a nervous energy and easy familiarity eminently and strikingly fresh in style and scope. It was in its first year that he first announced his intention of founding his "St. George's Guild," first established in that year—a practical attempt to carry on a land-owning society conducted on the lines which he would have all landowners adopt. On the day he at once settled 7,000*l.* and a London freehold of 3,500*l.* more, and of all this Miss Octavia Hill was manageress.

me "Fors," on July 2, 1877, appeared the author's famous

of Mr. Whistler and his when being exhibited at the Gallery. The trial has become a classic; and how Mr. Whistler delivered his smart answer from the witness-box, and how Mr. Ruskin, who was at the time confounded with his first attack of nervous illness—was unable to defend himself with his own testimony—was made to pay his costs of one farthing for the rare privilege of saying what he thought. To this day subjects of conversation where artists and literati met. But Mr. Ruskin was not content with his merely nominal defence, even though, through the suggestion of his admirers, it cost him a penny-piece—nay, not the farthing which had been awarded as damages. "I am blamed by my private acquaintances for being too personal," said he; "but truly I find my obsequious language generally a mere form of what Plato calls 'shadow-fight.'" Similarly, in conversation with him on one occasion, I touched upon the subject; but he quietly avoided it, saying, "I am afraid of a libel-action if I open my mouth, and if I can't say what I like about a person, I prefer to say nothing at all."

By this time Mr. Ruskin's disciples and admirers who, acknowledged "Ruskinites," were now to be counted by thousands, rightly perceived that if their Master's doctrines, social and artistic, were to bear good fruit, it would be necessary that some sort of organisation should be formed for the dissemination of his writings, the indexing of his works, and the carrying of his theories into practical effect. The result was the beginning of the foundation of the "Ruskin Societies of the Rose," in 1879, in London, Manchester, Sheffield, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Birmingham, and other centres. These societies now briefly called "The Ruskin Society," which have since obtained vitality by dealing generally with poetry and art, ethics, morals, ethics, and all subjects which the Ruskinian philosophy has pronounced upon, and from the narrower or more technical teachings of Mr. Ruskin.

These affiliated societies have been in operation, presenting many valuable artistic and mineralogical, to the institutions, endowing the Galleries at Oxford, and which presents to the University of the British Museum, and to the collection of Silicas he collected, and rendering many public services of a kindred nature. Mr. Ruskin crowned his work of direction by the establishment of the St. George's Guild at Walkley, near Sheffield. He chose this spot because it was on the summit of a steep some hill, which, he hoped, the workers of Sheffield might find to typify the ascent of the path that none but earnest need care to face. But the need was too generally and

essentially deterrent; and the removal of the reorganised museum from the old Georgian mansion of Meersbrook Park took place in 1881 when it was opened by the Earl of Carlisle. This beautiful building is under the joint control and management of the St. George's Guild and of the Corporation, contains a collection of works of fine Art, rare and exquisite Venetian casts, missals, splendid examples from his collection of mineralogy and natural history—all selected with knowledge and purposeful care by the Master him-

By this time his course was nearly run. He resigned the Professorship, to which he had been re-elected in 1876, when a distressing attack of brain-disturbance warned him that he was testing too far his powers of endurance by the multi- and arduousness of his labours. In 1884, when he was in the midst of delivering another series of lectures at Oxford, he found it necessary to cease their public delivery, and to confine them to the rush of the outside world to listen to the lecturer, and less than the wide range of subject and method of dealing with

it adopted by him—acted upon the University authorities as an electric shock. The final split soon came; "The Master," it was thought, was about to assail in his next lecture what he considered to be the vivisectionist tendencies of the University. Pressure was brought to bear upon him to "postpone" the lecture, which, in fact, he did. Ruskin then asked the University for a grant to permit of the better arrangement of the Art Section under his care. It was declined on the ground of the University's being in debt, but a few days later a vote was passed "endowing vivisection in the University," and on the following Sunday Mr. Ruskin's resignation was in the Vice-Chancellor's hands. But the facts connected with the matter appear to have been strangely burked. Since that time Mr. Ruskin retired from personal contact with the public, although his pen was still busy, and the press gave forth more than one volume of his earlier as well as of his later writings. But his first attack of illness was succeeded by others, under which he gradually, but yet more peacefully sank, until there came the end which all England now so truly mourns.

many of his most admirable qualities barred the way to his complete success in these characters, and made him feel, to his intense and abiding disappointment in his later years, that he was a very Cassandra among the prophets. "All my life," he told me some years ago, "all my life I have been talking to the people and they have listened, not to what I say, but to how I say it; they have cared not for the matter, but only for the manner of my words. And so I have made people go wrong in a hundred ways, and they have done nothing at all. I am not," he added bitterly, "an art-teacher; they have picked up a few things from me, but I find I have been talking too much and doing too little, and so have been unable to form a school; and people have not been able to carry out what I say, because they do not understand it."

If we had to define the main characteristics of Ruskin's mind, "and the keys to the secret of all he said or did," I think we could hardly do better than repeat the analysis he made of Turner's: "Uprightness, generosity, extreme tenderness of heart, sensuality, excessive obstinacy, irritability, infidelity;" and, we should have

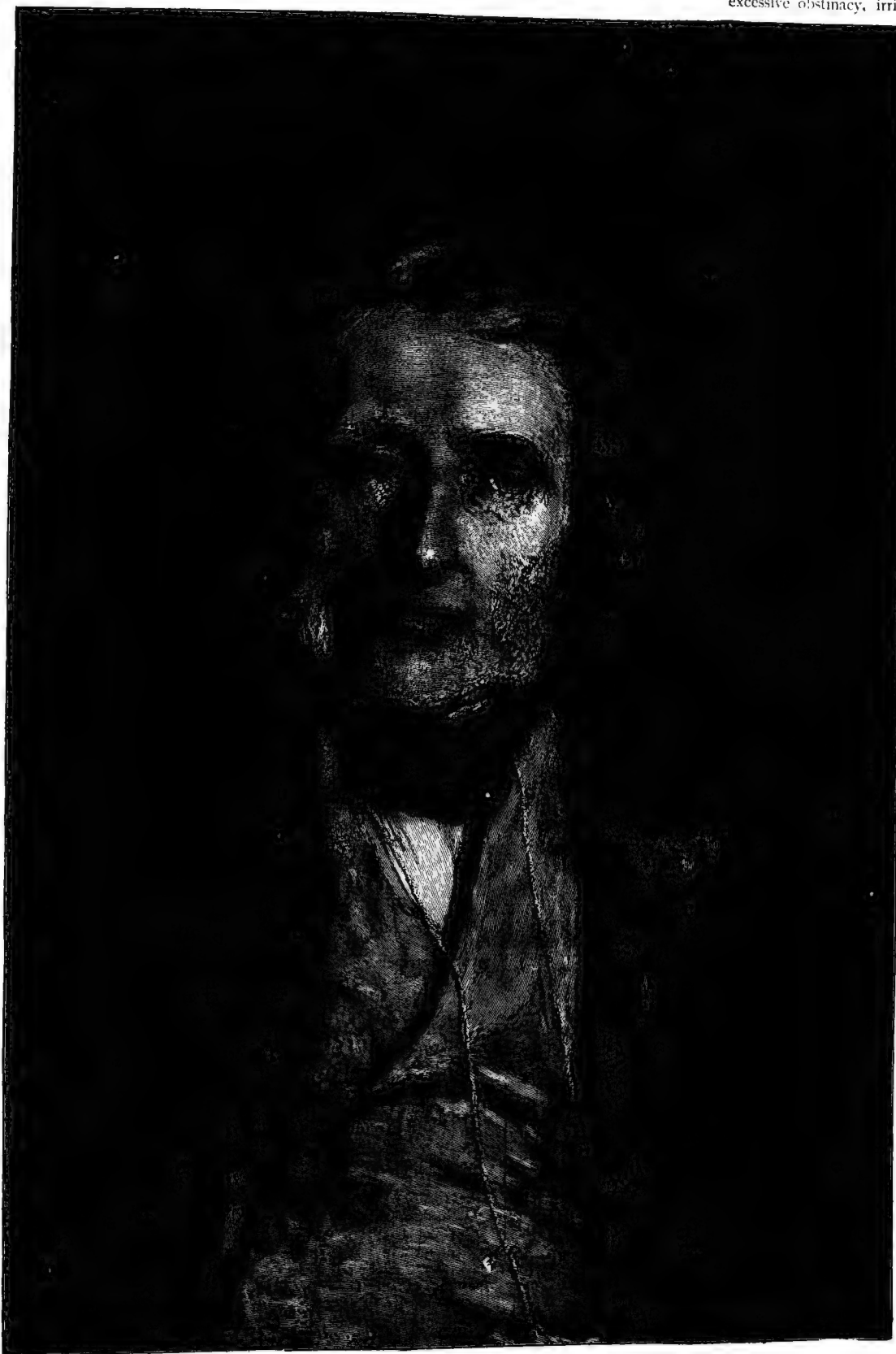
to add, "impulsiveness, violent prejudice, kindest sympathy, and profound piety." But impulsiveness, and its offspring, prejudice, were at the root of too many of his acts and his hastier judgments. He hated Jews on principle, not from religious motives, but simply because some of the lowest and most contemptible of them practised the usury that persecution had forced upon them; he despised all bishops, because some of them died rich. No one really deserves hanging, he says somewhere, save bankers and bishops. Yet in no man's company did he more rejoice than in that of the late Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, whom he entertained at Brantwood more than once, and whom he loved and esteemed as he loved few others. But all his prejudice is to be traced to excessive generosity—a fact which, with all his love of paradox, he never would recognise himself.

It is not a little surprising, seeing how delicate and troubled he was in health, and how numerous and actively bitter were his adversaries, that the engaging sweetness of his character was so often uppermost. His natural gentleness was proof against the trying circumstances of his early education. At Oxford, as he himself tells us, "I could take any quantity of jests, though I could not make one," and even to the point of seeing with good humour the fruit he had sent for from London thrown out of the window to the porter's children. No man ever smiled more agreeably in his greeting; no man's eyes ever looked more kindly into yours. Having nothing to conceal he was frank, even to a fault, making no attempt to hide his amiable little weaknesses and venal defects.

"I like Wilson Barrett," he said, when we were discussing the drama; "he flatters me so deliciously and in such tactful taste"—an admission, by the way, confirmed long before in a letter of instructions to a previous secretary, written from abroad:—"Send me as little as you possibly can. Tie up the knocker—say I'm sick—I'm dead (flattering and love-letters, please, in any attainable quantity. Nothing else.)" Love-letters! how many did he not write and delight in receiving—platonic for the most part, perhaps for the whole, but the brightest, quaintest, most humorous, merriest love-letters imaginable! For the respect, the veneration, and admiration he entertained for the *beau sexe* as a whole—as an institution, as Artemus Ward calls it—were intensified, were all focussed, indeed, on young, pretty, and innocent femininity. Humour bubbles over the pages of many of his books and letters, but it is never quite so sly and quite so happy as when charming, modest, and lively girls are the subject or the object of them; and I have heard a score of anecdotes of the pretty thralldom under which he has suffered beneath their yoke, and the not unwelcome tricks that have oft been played upon him. I have said that his amorous sport was entirely platonic; it was more than that, it

was essentially paternal: and usually ended in his presenting to his charmer, or tormentor, some dainty gift, with a playful grace that was altogether peculiar to himself.

Herein I am breaking no confidences, for has he not told us all about it a score of pleasant times? "My pets"—his adopted daughter Mrs. Arthur Severn, his veritable "Angel in the House," and Miss Hilliard, now Mrs. W. H. Churchill—are familiar, through his books, to all good Ruskinites. He speaks of them often enough in "Fors," and of others, too: "First, those two lovely ladies who were studying the *Myosotis palustris* with me; yes, and, by the way, a little beauty from Cheshire, who came in afterwards; and then that charming (I didn't say she was charming, but she was and is) lady whom I had charge of at Furness Abbey, and her two daughters, and those three beautiful girls who tormented me so on the 23rd of May, 1875, and another who greatly disturbed my mind at church only a Sunday or two ago with the sweetest little white straw bonnet I have ever seen, only letting a lock or two escape of the curliest hair; so that I was fain to make her a present of a Prayer-book afterwards,



JOHN RUSKIN

From the Water-Colour Drawing by Professor Herkomer, exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, 1881

It is impossible to form any accurate estimate of the literary work of Ruskin, or of the worth of the man himself and his acts, without taking his character and temper, as influenced by his health, largely into account. This, of course, is in a measure true of all men; but with one of such complex and delicate organisation as Ruskin, such knowledge and careful judgment are absolutely necessary, as they afford the clue to many apparent inconsistencies.

HIS CHARACTER AND TEMPERAMENT

The conditions of his rearing all tended to foster self-conceit in the lad; and the wonder is that, being as clever as he was, and finding himself the object of constant applause of friends, of the worship of parents, and the approval of some of the first intellects of the day—the wonder is, in truth, that he was so little of a prig. But his severe Bible teaching, the oft-repeated assurance that he was to become a preacher, and an eminent one, too, predisposed him, perhaps, towards the early idea of being appointed to be unto the public as a missionary, and later, as an oracle and a seer. But

advising her that her tiny ivory one was too coquettish; and my own pet cousin; and I might name more, but leave their accusation to their consciences." On another occasion, speaking of his garden and house at Denmark Hill, he says: "The camellias and azaleas stand in the anteroom of my library; and everybody says, when they come in, 'How pretty!' and my young lady friends have leave to gather what they like to put in their hair when they are going to balls." Many will remember with how much enthusiasm Charles Dickens, some thirty years ago, in *All the Year Round*, endorsed what Ruskin had to say of "the beauties of the maids of merry England," and the artistic grace of their then fashionable attire. Even when combating an obnoxious theory, he would sometimes revert to pretty womanhood for an illustration, as when, in animadverting on the Darwinian doctrine of the Descent of Man as mischievous (in looking rather to the growth of the flesh than to the breath of the spirit), he says: "The loss of mere happiness in such modes of thought is incalculable. When I see a girl dance, I thank Heaven that made her cheerful as well as graceful, and envy neither the science nor sentiment of my Darwinian friend, who sees in her only a cross between a dodo and a daddy-long-legs." Nay, I would be sure that his "little Susie"—one of the sister ladies of Thwaite, to whom he wrote the delightful letters which have since been published under the title of "Hortus Inclusus"—must have been at once pretty and graceful, were I to judge alone by the tone adopted in the letters he wrote her. But as a matter of fact Miss Susie Beever—who was his neighbour at Coniston Village—was considerably his senior, and was seventy years of age when Ruskin first knew her; and, to the end of her long life, was young for her age and bright, cheerful, sweet, and charming, and fully deserving of the daily letters the master of Brantwood sanctified to her.

But his love for pretty girls in no way interfered with his love for children—a passion which has inspired some of the most pathetic and beautiful passages which have issued from his pen. This tendency, together with his cordial and courteous old-fashioned hospitality and his overflowing charity, combined to form the bright side of his character—a side so bright that on the other there are none of his shortcomings but are thrown into shadow and be little in its brilliancy. He has chosen to refer to his nature as "a worker's and a miser's . . . though I love giving, yet my notion is not at all dividing my last crust with a beggar, but riding through a town like a Commander of the Faithful, having any quantity of sequins and ducats in saddle-bags, and throwing them around in radiant showers and hailing handfuls; with more bags to brace on when those were empty." But herein he did himself, as he often did, gross injustice, for I have ample documentary evidence in my possession that in nothing he delighted more—and almost daily gave rein to his delight—than giving secretly, tactfully, and with kindest judgment. For the rest, in his taste for amusement, Mr. Ruskin was always simple. Almost to the last he retained his love for the theatre, and was an admirable critic of a play. In fine weather, when he did not roam about the hills, he loved to cut brushwood that grew in his wood behind the house; and in bad, when not reading, or drawing, or examining his fossils, or other treasures, he would revel in a game of chess. He was an excellent player, and at one time talked of "publishing a selection of favourite old games by players of genius and imagination, as opposed to the stupidity called chess-playing in modern days. Pleasant play, truly! in which the opponents sit calculating and analysing for



AMATEUR NAVVIES AT OXFORD, 1874: UNDERGRADUATES MAKING A ROAD AS SUGGESTED BY MR. RUSKIN

twelve hours, tire each other nearly into apoplexy or idiocy, and end in a draw or a victory by an odd pawn."

The darker side of his nature almost balanced, in intensity, the brighter. There is a weird, almost Dantesque, vein running through it. His love of life and beauty gave rise to a perfectly morbid horror of what was ugly or sad—illness and death were ideas utterly repugnant in the terror they bore in upon him. In a private letter he speaks of "Death and the east wind—both Devil's inventions as far as I can make out." Indeed, he told me when he was last in London how his attacks of illness were brought on, or, at least, in a measure, induced, by the knowledge of the gradual approach of death—not so much the fear of death, he hastened to add, as the regret at the deprivation of life, which he was convinced he enjoyed with infinitely greater intensity than others did. The growing knowledge of a constitutional brain-weakness caused him acute suffering, but he made no attempt to conceal the fact; on the contrary, it was a frank topic of conversation with him. There is something profoundly pathetic in a reference of his to his keen enjoyment, in his childhood, of Don Quixote's crazy life, but of the superlative sadness with which the reference or thought of it filled him in later years. "My illnesses, so-called," he says somewhere

else, "are only brought on by vexation or worry, and leave me, after a few weeks of wandering thoughts, the same as I was before, only a little sadder and wiser. Probably, if I am spared till I am seventy, I shall be as sad and wise as I ever wish to be, and will try to keep so to the end."

At the age of twenty-one he spat blood as a result of putting on a spurt in his study at Oxford, and had a year's leave of absence to recover; and ever since that time his letters are proof of constant ailing and sometimes of suffering. Little wonder, then, that his health told upon his temper, and that nervous irritability tended to modify his character, and, to some extent, embittered an old age that was already full of disappointments and disillusionments. After a lifetime of preaching to an unheeding world, or battling with a hostile or scornful one, finding his system of philosophy and theories rejected, or, if accepted, accepted only as the teaching of other and younger men, it is but natural that he should be prompted to say, after a half-a-century of toil, "Some of me is dead, more of me stronger. I have learned a few things, forgotten many. In the total of me, I am but the same youth, disappointed and rheumatic." But, not beaten even to the last; badgered and baited all through his life; attacked by some, scoffed at by others—as all fighters of original genius must ever be—he complained not of counter-attack. It was the supineness of those who listened and applauded, but continued in what he held was the downward road which caused him to confess the state of "quiet rage and wonder at everything people say and do in which I habitually live."

THE AUTHOR, THE BOOKMAN, AND THE STYLIST

Those who care to read these lines are too well informed on Ruskin's work to need any recapitulation of the order, or the titles, or even the purpose of his books. But it may be set down that they comprise Art-criticism, Art-instruction, natural history, political economy, morals and ethics, mineralogy and geology, biography and autobiography, fairy tales, the "higher journalism," and

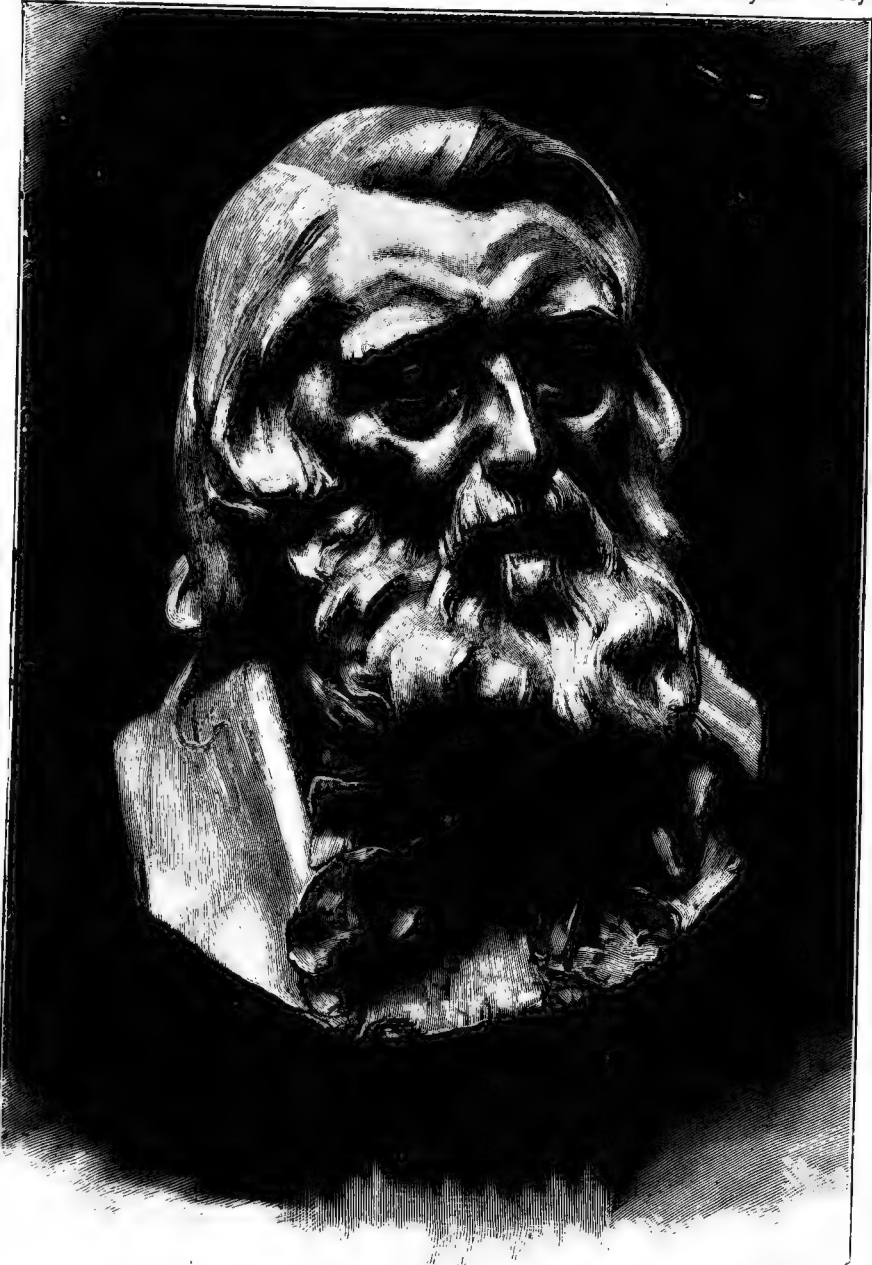
most other things besides. But time will, perhaps, decide. "Modern Painters" he will both stand and fall—a paradox, I fancy, would be the first to admit. It is the one work he has raised to himself: but other works rank above it in the late author's opinion, if not for literary style, at least for manner and closeness of thought. He told me he had written closer than in his University Lectures, known as "Pentilici" ("and they will recognise it one of these days") has publicly declared that in that book, in "Val d'Aosta," "Eagle's Nest," "every word is weighed with care." Ruskin, indeed, a rigorous critic of his own work, and cut his teeth on "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Venice," and "Elements of Drawing," when preparing for a new edition, "because in the three first all the religious and moral teaching is narrow, and many false, and in the fourth there is a vital mistake about outline, doing great damage to all the rest." But in his later change of thought, it is one of his merits that he is ready to confess it, clearly and unmistakably. These changes of thought he once intended to tabulate, while quaintly apologising for them. "Mostly matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people in any way stiff in their opinions." At the same time he declared that his changes were those of a tree, by nourishment and natural quality—not those of a cloud. And what is his real reason for his own auctorial life? "I am quite horrified to see," he wrote to "Susie"—or was it "Rosie"?—"what a lot of books I've written, and how cruel I've been to myself and everybody else who has to read them."

It was in his quality of author that Ruskin ran a tilt at the book-selling trade, and suffered not a little from their retaliation. He objected to the whole system of discount as it had already become degenerated. The trade, not unnaturally perhaps, retorted with a very effectual boycott, and Mr. Ruskin had to distribute his books to the public direct from his own special and private publisher. More lately a compromise was effected with the shopkeepers. Curiously enough, the trade boycott seems to have been taken up by the Press, which for a long series of years maintained a silence in respect to Mr. Ruskin's newly published works. As late as 1887, Mr. E. T. Cook added: "So, too, the professional literary journals have not noticed anything that one of the literary men of the time has written since 1872!" Meanwhile his works were being pirated in America and his own editions sold—a circumstance which increased his dislike to the American side of American life, and of that unhappy country "which is neither castle nor ruins."

There is, I venture to think, no need to await the verdict of posterity to establish Ruskin's position as a writer of English. No man possessed of such a power of language, such a wealth of imagination, and beauty of thought ever spent more care in polishing his sentences. And this not only with his books, but with his newspaper letters, on which—as he himself—he expended the utmost pains at his command.

With such natural gifts as his, his training was exactly what would best develop his powers and form his style. The extensive Bible-reading and Bible-learning, forced upon him when a child, the foundations for pure and vigorous English, and encouraging later admiration for the manner of Dr. Johnson. This alone have gone far to educate him into the accomplished rhapsodist he became. But other carefully selected reading exerted powerful influence upon his future style, in the cultivation of which he was advised by Mr. Harrison. Byron and Wordsworth he studied fully, and indeed knew by heart—the former for his perfect fluency and realistic truth of vision, and the latter for the beauty of simplicity and naturalness. "Even Shakespeare's Venice was visionary; Portia as impossible as Miranda. But Byron told me of an animated for me, the real people whose feet had worn the marble road on." And, finally, Carlyle, his friend and admirer, gave the final turn of originality of expression and that effective direct and ruggedness which endows all Ruskin ever wrote with a quality of its own, and made the man, as Mr. Justice Pearson says, "the most eloquent writer of English, except Jeremy Taylor." At the point of thought, Ruskin often confessed himself the pupil of Carlyle; but hardly less he so in respect to literature; and the Sage of Chelsea returned the compliment by declaring that Froude that many of Ruskin's utterances "pierced like arrows his heart."

Ruskin's own estimate of his work, in comparison with Tennyson is delightful in its modesty. "As an illustrator of natural beauty Tennyson is far beyond anything I ever did or could have done," says. But, for all that, Ruskin is and must be regarded, by friend and foe alike, as the great modern master of English prose—a Magician of Coniston Lake.



HEAD OF MR. RUSKIN, BY CONRAD DRESSLER

Executed in 1884, and exhibited in the New Gallery, 1885



General French's Camp and Railway Station

DRAWN BY F. MULOCK

In a reconnaissance on December 7 the enemy were discovered on the hills traversing Rensburg's farm, and shown in the above illustration. "We could see them," writes a correspondent with the force, "placing a large gun in position, over a hundred men dragging it up a hill. As we had no artillery, this prevented the continuance of the flanking movement on the left. The Dragons on the right crossed the open plain and outflanked the enemy. They were three miles in advance of the remainder of our force. The enemy opened with rifle fire which was ineffectual, and then brought two guns into action on our right. The New South Wales Lancers reinforced the first line in the afternoon, and were soon under fire. There were no casualties. The enemy had previously gauged the range by means of a gate, and they dropped shells there whenever our troops passed. It was ascertained that the Boers numbered about 2,000."

WITH GENERAL FRENCH'S FORCE: GENERAL VIEW OF THE BOER POSITION AT TAAIBOSCH LAAGTE BEFORE OUR ADVANCE ON COLESBERG

Signal Station from which the Sketch was drawn

Squadron of Inniskillings "Long Tom" Boer Two Boer "Long Tom" Field Guns

Boer 1-pounder Maxims Battery R.H.A. Troop of Inniskillings Hill about 12 miles off Boer 1-pounder Guns Hills 15 miles off Boers behind 10th Hussars Boer Guns of 14th Hussars



Colonel Porter and Staff

Staff Horses

Ambulance Wagon

A correspondent writes:—"On the morning of December 7 a patrol reported that a large party of Boers were attempting to reach our right flank. The report was received at four in the morning. The alarm was given, and the troops were formed under Colonel Porter, of the Carbineers. They consisted of a battery Royal Horse Artillery (four guns), Carbineers, two squadrons of the Inniskillings, one and a half squadrons 10th Hussars, two companies of Mounted Infantry, and two squadrons of Colonials. The battery took up a position from which it shelled the kopjes, lined with the enemy, with two guns. The other guns were held in the large kopje on the left front. One squadron of the Inniskillings was ordered to hold this hill on the right flank to protect the battery. The Carbineers and the 10th Hussars were sent right away south to stop the Boers working round our rear to the roadway. The Boers, seeing their plans foiled, retired northwards again, and contented themselves with occupying the kopjes on our right flank, where they were held in check by the Carbineers and Hussars, who dismounted and drove the enemy from the first row of kopjes to a second row. The Boers then opened with their seven-pounder field guns on our battery from the low ground to the left front, and were silenced after firing three or four shots. These shots were answered by the Carbineers, but they succeeded in getting in one shot, when our guns silenced them again. The Boers about 10 o'clock, at about 3,700 yards range from their 'Long Toms' on to a kopje straight behind their field gun, then it was silenced, and the battery. It managed to fire three shots without doing any damage, then it was silenced, and never opened fire again. Our other two guns were busy shelling the other Boer positions all day."

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN H. P. LEADER

long, and silenced the two seven-pounders. They were assisted by the dismounted fire of the Carbineers and 10th Hussars, with Maxim guns. Two squadrons of the Inniskillings were kept mounted to try and cut off the enemy's retreat. At 3 p.m. the Boers, finding our fire too heavy for them, commenced to retire, and an hour later were in full retreat. On account of the rocky ground it was impossible to cut them off. The engagement lasted twelve hours, and the enemy's losses have since been ascertained from deserters to be between forty and fifty, while those on our side were very much smaller. The Boers numbered 1,800. The Colonials were protecting the other side of the camp, and did not come into action."

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

"No Turning Back"

"WE are going to the relief of our comrades in Ladysmith; there will be no turning back." General Buller's simple, yet serious, address to his troops, heralding, as it did, their passage of the Tugela—the Rubicon of South Africa—had the effect of concentrating, as if by a lens of hope and fear, public attention on that portion of the seat of war, causing us all to take but a languid interest in the other bulletins and telegrams announcing that Mafeking was reported all well on the 3rd inst., and that Colonel Plumer, coming from the northern Tuli parts, was well on his way to its relief, having reached Gaberones with three armoured trains; that Kimberley, in spite of its bombardment, continued to be lighthearted and resolute, as evidenced, among other things, by the exercise of its 'prentice hand on the manufacture of a big gun at the De Beers foundries; that a few miles to the south, at Modder camp, Lord Methuen was "sitting tight," and that he had been reinforced by a man who is a host in himself—Major-General Hector MacDonald, known as "Fighting Mac," the successor to General Wauchope as commander of the Highland Brigade; that further to the east, about Colesberg, General French was still gallantly holding his own and even gaining ground, in spite of one or two

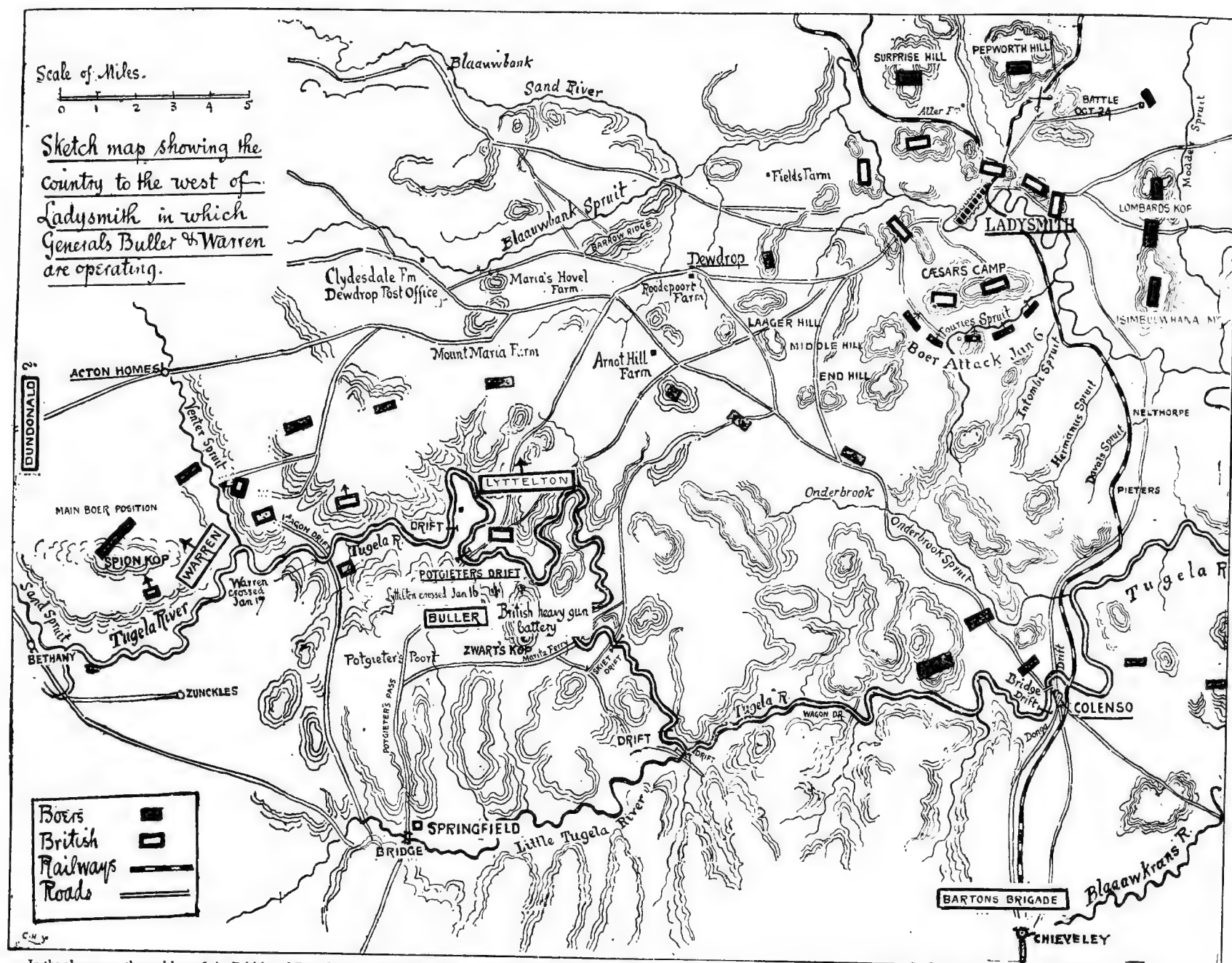
worthy affair, reflecting the highest credit on all concerned—on General Buller himself, who may be assumed to have planned the movement; on Lord Dundonald, a worthy son of his Cochrane sires, who, with his irregular cavalry, made a rapid march of five and twenty miles from Frere, and, seizing the first passage, held it until the arrival of infantry and artillery to complete its occupation; on Lieutenant Carlisle and several men of the South African Light Horse, who swam across the Tugela and brought back the "pont," or wire-guided ferry-boat, to the southern bank; and, above all, on the Royal Engineers, who, at the five miles distant Waggon (or Trichard's) Drift, threw a bridge of thirteen pontoons within two hours over the swollen and rapid river, about ninety yards broad. All honour to the strenuous and resourceful Engineers for this splendid feat of energy and skill, which may well be placed to their credit as an important battle won without the loss of blood, enabling General Warren's force, with its waggon-trains drawn by thousands of mules and oxen, to cross the stream and commence the grand turning movement intended to result in the relief of Ladysmith; and that Ladysmith is now as much in need of relief almost as once was Lucknow is proved, among other things, by the rapidly increasing ravages of disease—dysentery and typhoid fever—which respects neither soldiers nor civilians, though it might well have spared so young and brilliant a master of the pen-and-ink art as Mr. G. W. Stevens.

A Boer Pispah Hill

On Saturday, Warren's Division of Buller's army which had

pourvu que cela dure." He commenced by throwing out the wi of his force like the claws of a cracker ready to crush the n Joubert's Natal army—intervening between him and Ladysmith. I Dundonald, with his various irregular horsemen—about 2,000 number—swept away north-west and then north-east, beyond A Homes, to cut the Boer communication towards the Free State threaten Joubert's right flank, and in so doing cut up a party enemy, and, according even to their own account, killing four wounding twenty, and capturing others, including a grand law of President Kruger himself. This was on the 18th inst. two days later, Warren's Division began to develop its schen push back the enemy towards Spion Kop, the key of their ad position, about twenty miles—note the distance!—west of smith, a locality which has a great historical significance Boers themselves, seeing that this Spion Kop is the eminence which the voortrekkers, after crossing the Drakensberg, "st the then barbaric land of Natal and found it fair to their even as Moses, from the Mount of Pisgah, first caught wo sight of the Promised Land.

It was this Spion Kop, Spy Out Hill, or Pispah M Northern Natal, which formed the key of the Boer position the advance of General Buller, and the chief objective of the General, with his right at Chieveley under Barton, his centre Lyttelton on the north bank of the Tugela over against the emb Zwart Kop on the south, and his left northward towards Acton under Warren and Clery. Warren's own left was prote



In the above map the positions of the British and Boer forces engaged in the important operations west of Ladysmith are laid down—so far as it is possible to locate them. The Boer position at Spion Kop has been the objective point of the British attack, it being the key of the whole system of the Boers' defences by which they hope to bar our advance to the relief of Ladysmith. The great flanking movement began nearly a fortnight ago, and it was on the 16th and 17th that the Drifts were crossed in force by the British forces. The wonderful mobility of the Boers enabled them in their turn to seize the best

positions in which the advance could be resisted, and Warren and his brigadiers are operating (in very difficult country) with a view, apparently, to cutting the Boer army in two and dispersing it, so that the relief of Ladysmith can be effected along the road from Acton Homes by way of Dewdrop. Lord Dundonald's cavalry force is placed conjecturally on the map, as at the time of writing it was presumably on the left of the British attack and between the Boers and the passes of the Drakensberg.

other little reverses, including the killing and capture of a patrol of five and twenty men of the New South Wales Lancers, some of whom have gone to complete the array of our "Sons of the Empire" at Pretoria; that General Gatacre, among other reinforcements which have reached him, had been joined by Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett; that the German mail steamer *Bundesrath* had at last been released, as being found innocent of suspected contraband; that Major-General Rundle had been appointed to the command of the 8th Division; that from 5,000 to 6,000 fresh troops had reached the Cape in the course of the week; and that the Commander-in-Chief there had paid a most flattering compliment to Colonial feeling by sanctioning the formation of a Colonial Division, to be commanded by a native officer, Colonel Brabant, and to include two regiments of Horse—one to be called of Roberts and the other of Kitchener.

Crossing the Rubicon

All these announcements were satisfactory enough in their way, but they paled in interest before the crowning news that General Buller had been prompt to follow up his seizure of Potgieter's Drift on the 10th inst.—the day of Lord Roberts's arrival at the Cape—by his crossing of the Tugela four days later, not only there, but also at another point five miles up stream to the westward, with the bulk of his army—apart from the Brigade (Barton's) which he had left at Chieveley to "contain" the Boers at Colenso. By all accounts this crossing of the Natal "Rubicon" was a most praise-

crossed the Tugela had got so far as to be pressing back by artillery and musketry fire the Boer commandos interposing between him and Sir George White's sorely pressed garrison. To some it almost looked as if Buller's crossing of the Tugela had been effected too easily, and as if the Boers were trying to lure him into one of the traps which are the stock-in-trade of their art of war. One careful computator estimates that since the beginning of the war the Boers have lost in killed and wounded over 6,000 men; while another, nevertheless, places their present strength in Natal at 48,000. There is no means of knowing how far this estimate is correct; yet even if this figure were docked by a fifth, it would give the Boers a Natal force superior to that of Sir Redvers Buller, after deducting a contingent sufficient to keep up the investment of Ladysmith. But even on the assumption that the merely numerical strength of either side in Natal is pretty equal, the vastly superior mobility of the Boers, together with the "interior lines" on which they work, may be said to give them the advantage of at least doubled numbers. That being so, it is just possible that General Joubert might have deliberately refrained from opposing Buller's passage of the Tugela, and of allowing the latter to lay to his soul the flattering unction of having taken his adversary by surprise. On the other hand it remains to be seen whether Joubert, if this was his game, will not be hoist with his own petard. At all events, the first few days' marching and fighting on the part of Buller were all to his advantage, entitling him to exclaim: "*Cela va bien*

Dundonald's cavalry, which cut up the Boer patrol of 200, under Field-Cornet Oppermann, that had been sent out to celebrate Joubert's birthday by outflanking those audacious horsemen. On Saturday, Clery, with part of Warren's force, began his preliminary advance in the direction of Spion Kop, which had been strongly reinforced by the commandos of Botha and Cronje, the hero of Free State fame, who had distinguished himself by the capture of Carleton's unlucky column at Nicholson's Nek. By judicious use of his artillery, Clery "fought his way up, capturing ridge after ridge for about three miles," and bivouacked with the enemy in his main position still in front of him. On Sunday Warren resumed his artillery and infantry pressure on the Boers, swinging forward his left, fighting an uphill fight, and making, on the whole, "substantial progress," in the words of Buller; while at the same time Lyttelton, on the right, in order to relieve the pressure on Warren, made a reconnaissance in force from Potgieter's, and subjected the Boer left to a terrific shell-fire, which was admitted by the Boers themselves to have done far more damage than at Colenso, killing, among others, a field cornet, and knocking senseless Commandant Viljoen.

Late on Tuesday night, General Buller at once relieved and deepened our suspense by wiring that Warren had been holding his ground, that an artillery duel had been going on all day—to the greater disadvantage, as it appeared, of the Boers on their elevated position 1,400 yards distant, and that "an attempt would be made

to seize Spion Kop, which forms the left of the enemy's facing Trichard's Drift, and divides it from the position of the Boers. It has considerable command over all the approaches—an object this worth the severest sacrifice, that its attainment would cut the Boer position in two and its divided defenders to retire towards Ladysmith.

The Court

The sudden death of the Duke of Teck throws the British Court into mourning. As the father of our future Queen and the one of the most popular Princesses of the Royal House, was specially linked to the nation, and, indeed, his long reign amongst us made him virtually an Englishman. He had been well since the death of the Duchess three years ago. A paralysis attacked him, and he remained in the White Lodge, Richmond, where he passed unexpectedly that not one of his four children attended him. The funeral will take place to-day at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Duke of York and the Duke of Cambridge will be chief mourners, and the Prince of Wales will represent the Duke. The coffin was to be brought privately from the White Lodge the day before, and at the conclusion of the service would be removed to the vault and lie in state on the side of the late Duchess.

The Queen remains in the Isle of Wight until the 1st of May, and will then return to Windsor for a short time before leaving on her Continental holiday. All Her Majesty will start for Bordighera about the 1st week in March, Princess Beatrice with some of her family and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein accompanying the Queen. Princess Victoria has now left Her Majesty at Osborne, where mourning for the Duke of Teck keeps the Royal party quite at home. The only guest has been the Bishop of Winchester, who stayed from Saturday to Monday to preach to the Royal party on Sunday. Saturday was

war has not made the Prince and Princess forget their other objects of interest, for they were present at the annual sermon for the Gordon Boys' Home, preached in Sandringham Church on Sunday. The preacher was the Rev. J. W. Adams, now Rector of Stow, Norfolk, but formerly the well-known military chaplain whose valour on the field in Afghanistan makes him the only clerical possessor of a Victoria Cross. The Prince of Wales comes to town frequently on business during the next few weeks, but the Princess and family remain at Sandringham for the present. Possibly the Princess may go abroad in the spring to meet her father, King Christian of Denmark, somewhere in the South.

The Queen's new yacht has reached Portsmouth without further mishap, and is now to be thoroughly overhauled in dry dock. The *Victoria and Albert* was put to a sharp test on her voyage from



THE LATE MAJOR F. F. CRAWFORD
Died of dysentery at Pietermaritzburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. S. PLATT
Died of enteric fever at Ladysmith

Victims of the War

THE late Lieutenant Clapham, killed at Lombard's Kop, was only twenty-eight years of age. He held the rank of lieutenant in the Durban troop of the N.M.R. for over eighteen months, and was very popular with his fellow officers and the men of all ranks. As a citizen he was well known and much respected, and his death is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. Our portrait is by W. B. Shenwood, Natal.

Lieutenant Francis Alfred Pressland Wilkins, of the 1st Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment, who was killed at Rensburg, was twenty-eight years of age, having been born on April 7, 1871. He entered the Army in 1892, receiving his commission as second lieutenant on May 18, and was gazetted to his lieutenantcy on June 19, 1895. He had been adjutant of the battalion since January 10 of last year. Our portrait is by H. Edmonds Hull, London, W.

Second Lieutenant Cecil Sherman Platt, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, whose death from enteric fever is reported from Ladysmith, was only twenty-two years of age. Born on August 1, 1877, he entered the 5th Dragoon Guards from the Militia on November 2, 1895. Our portrait is by the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, London.

Lieutenant Harold Percival Paton, of No. 1 Troop of the Protectorate Regiment, who was killed in the sortie from Mafeking on December 26 while gallantly leading his men to the attack on the Boer fort at Game Tree, a position two miles from Mafeking. Lieutenant Paton and Captain Vernon were both killed at the very foot of the fort. Our portrait is by T. Worrall, Dunfermline.

Major Frank Fairbairn Crawford, of the Army Veterinary Department, who died at Pietermaritzburg of dysentery on the 16th inst., joined the Royal Artillery in 1873, and served with the Bechuanaland



CORPORAL KILPATRICK
Killed at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. P. WILKINS
Killed at Rensburg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT H. P. PATON
Killed at Mafeking



THE LATE CAPTAIN THE HON. J. F. CUMMING-BRUCE
Killed at Magersfontein



THE LATE LIEUTENANT CLAPHAM
Killed at Lombard's Kop

to the memory of Prince Henry of Battenberg—being the anniversary of his death, so a special Service was held at Sandringham Church, attended by the Queen, Princess Beatrice and her children, and Princess Victoria.

As with the nation at large, the war continues the one great subject, and the Queen and Royal Family are giving their help and sympathy with unsparing energy. Grateful for the help from Her Majesty come daily from Osborne, either in the form of her people's loyalty—such as the Queen's visit to New South Wales—or touching expressions of personal sympathy to the families of those who have fallen in the fight, Her Majesty frequently asking for portraits of the dead soldiers. The Queen's deep interest in the war, who has sent the Imperial Yeomanry two beds in the Imperial Yeomanry. The Princess of Wales has had one of the down pillows made at Sandringham for the sick, and through her, too, comes a box of 12,000 boxes of the best Danish butter prepared by Danish farmers to the Princess for her people. Indeed, all the Princesses are hard for the war, and Princess Louise is another proof of sympathy by appearing at the opening of the Artists' War Exhibition. Other ways of help, it is the Princess' part to the soldiers on their way. The Duke of York was at the Service in St. Paul's for the soldiers, and came to Nine Elms Station early in the morning to inspect the men before their departure. He was much delighted with their appearance and bade them a hearty farewell as the train started. The Prince of Wales intended to attend the Middlesex contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry on the Horse Guards Parade yesterday afternoon, and to bid them good-speed as their commander-in-chief.

Pembroke, for the sea was exceedingly rough. However, she behaved thoroughly well, and made an average speed of fourteen knots, though only half her boilers were used.

Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg is in much better health just now, and has gone to St. Petersburg to stay with his nephew, the Tsar. His third daughter, the Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and her husband accompany the Duke. During their absence the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg has with her at Gotha not only her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Roumania, with her husband and latest baby-girl, but the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse and their only child.

Expedition under Sir Charles Warren in 1884-5, and in the operations in Zululand in 1888. Major Crawford was made First Class Veterinary Surgeon in 1883, and Veterinary Major in 1893. The deceased officer, who was well known in cricket circles in Africa and India, represented his county (Kent) in the early seventies. He was only forty-nine years of age. Our portrait is by Chancellor, Dublin.

Captain the Honourable James Frederick Cumming Bruce, Black Watch, killed in action at Magersfontein, December 11, 1899, was the eldest son of Lord Thurlow and of Lady Thurlow, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. He was born at The Hague, July 24, 1867, and was educated at Eton, whence he went direct to Sandhurst in January, 1885, receiving his commission in the Black Watch in the September of that same year. He married Cecily, daughter of the late T. H. Clifton, Esq., of Lytham Hall, Lancashire, on December 8, 1891. He received his captain's commission in February, 1893. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Corporal Kilpatrick was one of a patrol, composed partly of New South Wales Lancers and partly of South Australian Horse, numbering sixteen in all, who fell into an ambush near Rensburg. A hot fight ensued, and the Australians were finally overwhelmed, Corporal Kilpatrick being killed. Four dead Australian horses and seven dead Boer horses were found lying on the ground when the spot was visited by another patrol, showing that the Australians made a gallant resistance. Later on six Australians returned to camp. One of them, who had his horse shot, lay hidden until the enemy retired, and then made good his escape. The remainder are prisoners. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Our portraits of officers of the C.I.V. are by the following: Captain Howell, by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Captain Cousens and Captain Shipley, by A. Ellis, Baker Street; Colonel Pawle, by J. Caswall Smith; Captain Brailley and Captain Waterlow, by the London Stereoscopic Company; Surgeon-Captain Sleman; Colonel Mackinnon, by Martin Jaccotte, South Kensington; Captain Budworth, by Wiele, Bangalore; Captain Triggs, by T. Winter, Murree; Captain Reid, by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde; Captain Bailey, by Lafayette, Dublin; Captain Firth, by Illingworth, Halifax; Captain Cohen, by T. Fall, Baker Street; and Captain Mortimore, by Weston, Folkestone.



Some ten months ago it was announced that the contract for the bridge across the Tugela had gone to an American firm, and it was said, in explanation, an English firm working to a special design could not be expected to produce a bridge so rapidly as an American firm using a stock pattern. An English firm has now more than surpassed the record established by the builders of the Atbara Bridge. On December 21 the Patent Shaft and Axletree Company, Wednesbury, received the order to build a bridge to a special design to replace the bridge across the Tugela destroyed by the Boers. The contract was for completion in six weeks. In half that time the bridge was ready to be tested. It is now being packed for South Africa.

A BRIDGE FOR THE TUGELA: RECORD CONSTRUCTION

The Prince and Princess of Wales so heartily sympathized with members of their household, that the greatest sympathy has been evoked by the death of Lady Probyn, the wife of Sir John Probyn, Comptroller and Treasurer of the household. All the Sandringham household attended the first part of the Burial Service, which was held in Sandringham Church, and sent the body for the final interment at Kensal Green. The



AKMOLLOL DRAIN

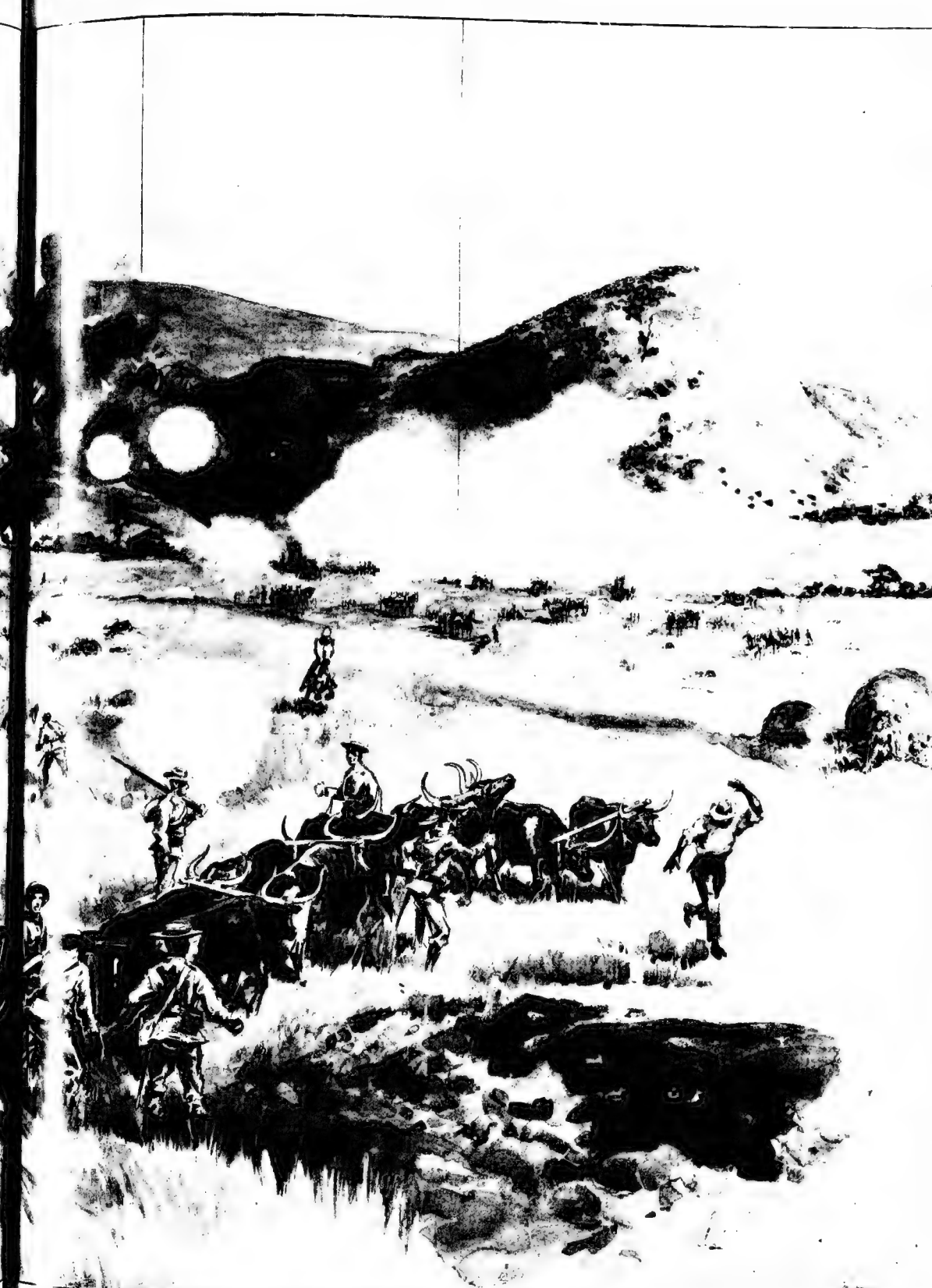
PLAINLAYERS' HOUSE USED AS A HOSPITAL DURING THE BATTLE

DRAWN BY C. E. FRIPP AND F. C. DICKINSON

So Keavers Fuller began his advance on Clevero on Decemr 11, 12. The position occupied by the Bears is described as the "strongest in Natal; Lingo's Neck cannot compare with it. The Bears, it is stated, had been lying here for two days, and had full time to fire, even on the morning of the battle, until they had our men within easy reach. All the time they were under shell fire,

But gave no hint as to their whereabouts, and not a Boer could be seen by our men. The attack was extremely well planned, and their trenches and gun emplacements well hidden. The position over which our men had to advance was absolutely devoid of cover, and they were subjected to a heavy shell fire. Nevertheless, they kept perfect order. As they approached

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF



НАТРЕК НААЛ

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN W. S. CALLEY

opened a heavy musketry fire upon them from the banks of the river. At the riverside suffered fearfully. Shell after shell dropped among them, and a hot rifle fire from the which were concealed, mowed them down, and the three Irish regiments—Dublins, and Inniskillings—who tried to force their way on, found it impossible to face the

fire. In the meantime two battalions of artillery, which had pushed forward in order to command the Fort position, were made a mark for Fort shells. The men stood gallantly to their guns until all their horses were killed and their ammunition spent. To avoid a serious check the order to retreat was given, and, though under fire the whole time, the command was carried out admirably.

THE FIGHT AGAINST A HIDDEN ENEMY

Our Portraits

DR. GEORGE STOKER is to be the director-in-chief of the Irish Hospital which Lord Iveagh, with characteristic munificence, has equipped at his own expense for service in South Africa. Dr. Stoker is well known in connection with the Turko-Servian, Russo-Turkish, and Zulu Wars. The idea of the Portland Hospital originated with him. Our portrait is by D. Pym, Streatham

Colonel A. G. Wavell, who—consequent upon the death of Major-General Prior—has been appointed to command the 15th Brigade, has been more than thirty-six years in the Army, at one time commanded a battalion of the Black Watch, has served on the Staff in South Africa at King William's Town and Staff Officer of Cape Volunteers, has been Officer for Instruction in Scotland, and for nearly two years has held the post he is now leaving of Assistant Adjutant-General for Recruiting at the War Office. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. George Warrington Steevens, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, has died at Ladysmith as the result of a sudden relapse after an attack of enteric fever, from which he was thought to be recovering. Mr. Steevens first made his mark as a member of the *Pall Mall Gazette* staff. After a connection of four years with that paper he joined the staff of the *Daily Mail*, and, as correspondent of that paper, he wrote the series of vivid, picturesque articles, entitled "With Kitchener to Khartoum," which subsequently enjoyed a large circulation in book form. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. George Byron Curtis has been appointed editor of the *Standard*, in place of Mr. W. H. Mudford, who has now retired from the editorship and managership of the *Standard*. Mr. Curtis was born in 1843. He joined the staff of the *Echo* soon after it was started, and remained there until 1876. In the following year he became leader writer on the *Standard*, and for the past twenty years has been its chief assistant editor. Our portrait is by Warshawski, St. Leonards.

Colonel Porter is the officer who led the successful little expedition from Arundel against the Boers who were threatening Naauwpoort. He started at four o'clock in the morning with three regiments of cavalry and a battery of Horse Artillery, to meet 1,800 of the enemy who were descending upon the town. The Boers, who had two guns, which were soon silenced, retired with the loss of forty killed and wounded. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., who was to have commanded the infantry division of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, but was unable to pass the medical examination, is Colonel-Commandant of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. He was an ensign and lieutenant in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers from 1868 to 1873, was made captain of the Royal Berkshire Militia in 1873, and lieutenant-colonel of the Central London Rangers in 1875. He has represented Sheffield in Parliament as a Conservative since 1885. Sir Howard Vincent has announced his intention of proceeding to South Africa in his private capacity. Our portrait is by A. A. Melhuish, Portman Square.

Lieutenant-General Sir H. M. L. Rundle, to whom the command of the Eighth Division has fallen, is at present Deputy-Adjutant-General at the War Office, which position he succeeded to on General Sir F. Clery going to the front. He is a distinguished and gallant officer, who has won his decorations and promotions chiefly in the Sudan. He is an artillery officer, and it is as a commander of that arm that he has gained a great and well-deserved reputation. His appointment, says *The Times*, constitutes, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of advancement to high military office which has occurred in the recent history of our Army. Sir Leslie Rundle only reached his forty-fourth birthday on the 6th inst., and fifteen years ago he was but a subaltern of Artillery, having entered the Royal Regiment in 1876, and obtained his captaincy in March, 1885. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Captain W. Mould, R.A.M.C., has been selected as officer in military charge of Lord Iveagh's Irish Hospital for South Africa. Captain Mould entered the service in 1890 after a distinguished career at the London Hospital. He served with the Field Force during the military operations in Sierra Leone in 1898-9, obtaining medal and clasp. Our portrait is by Lawrie and Co., Lucknow.

Among the many generous gifts which private munificence has contributed to aid in the efficient carrying on of the war, one of the most generous is the completely equipped field hospital provided by Mr. John L. Langman, of 6, Stanhope Terrace, Hyde Park. The hospital will be placed on the lines of communication, and, like the Portland Hospital (of which Mr. Langman is hon. treasurer), will consist of 100 beds and complete equipment. The military authorities will thus have another hospital provided for them by private generosity

Mr. Langman's son, Mr. Archie L. Langman, who, as Lieutenant in the Middlesex Yeomanry, had previously volunteered for service with his regiment in South Africa, will, by Mr. Langman's desire, accompany the Hospital as secretary and treasurer. It is in connection with the above hospital that Dr. Conan Doyle, who is a personal friend of the donor, has volunteered his services, and his offer has been gratefully accepted by Mr. Langman. Dr. Conan Doyle will leave England with the whole of the personnel of the hospital very shortly. Our portrait of Mr. Langman is by the London Stereoscopic Company, and that of Dr. Conan Doyle by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Captain Burgess is the son of the late Rev. Frank Burgess, of Winterbourne, Gloucestershire. He is at present second senior lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment (61st),



CAPTAIN FRANK BURGESS, WHO CAPTURED OSMAN DIGNA

was seconded in January, 1898, for service with the Egyptian Army with rank of bimbashi (major), and was present with his battalion (the 18th) during the Khartoum Campaign. He accompanied Colonel Kitchener in his pursuit of the Khalifa some months after the battle of Khartoum.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal has offered to raise a corps of Canadian rough-riders, 400 strong, and equip them for service in

South Africa at a cost of 200,000/., and his offer has been formally accepted by Lord Lansdowne. Lord Strathcona will arm, equip, and convey the men to South Africa, where they will be taken over by Her Majesty's Government. The force will be raised in Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia, and is to consist of men who must be expert marksmen, at home in the saddle, thoroughly efficient as rough-riders and scouts. The horses were procured from the Canadian North-West. Lord Strathcona will always be remembered in this country as Mr. Donald Smith, genial and patriotic High Commissioner in Great Britain for the Dominion. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The death of Mr. Ghellabhai Haridas removes from the Indian community one of its most benevolent and philanthropic men. Mr. Ghellabhai has always been the first in Bombay to respond to any appeal for funds to aid the suffering, or to support any movement for the public welfare. He was in every sense a self-made man. Born in Surat in 1840, at the age of nineteen he entered the Government service, serving as clerk in various departments until 1864, when he resigned and joined the Bank of Bombay. His appointment as Sheriff of Bombay, in 1896, a public honour was given in his honour. In the Honours Gazette of January 1898, the title of Rai Bahadur was conferred upon Mr. Ghellabhai. Our portrait is by Raja Deen Dayal and Sons, Bombay.

Mr. Paul Deschanel has been re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies. He received 308 votes against 221 given for M. De

Lord Dundonald, who is now so prominently to the front in the movement for the relief of Ladysmith, left England unattached to any expectation, since realised, of getting active employment on his return to South Africa. He is a thoroughly practical cavalry officer, and has had much war experience in the Sudan, where he served in the Camel Corps and commanded the transport of the 1st Light Column under Sir Herbert Stewart. It was he who carried the despatches from Gubat announcing the fall of Khartoum. Our portrait is by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

Major-General Tucker, commanding the Secunderabad Division, who has left India to take command of the Seventh Division, is now arriving at the Cape, has the special qualification of having been in active service in South Africa. He commanded the left attack in the operations against Sekukuni in 1878, commanded the 2nd Regiment in the column under Colonel Rowlands on the Orange River in the Zulu War of 1879, and subsequently the troops at Luneberg; he also commanded the regiment in Wood's Column in the march through Zululand and in the engagement at Ulundi. After this he was made a C.B., and was awarded the medal, with clasps. Throughout these operations he was distinguished by his ready resource and his thoroughness in the matters under his control. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Osman Digna, the famous Dervish leader who has been captured near Tokar, was originally a slave trader; bankruptcy converted him into a warrior. He is the son of a Turkish trader by an Arab wife of the Hadendowa tribe. He was present at the battles of the Albara, Omdurman, and Om Debrikat, and from each of them contrived with his usual cunning to escape unharmed.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. John Blackmore, and was born in 1825. He began life as a conveyancer, but without any marked success, and then, for reasons of health, he was advised to live in the country. In order to provide himself with an income, he turned to literature, to which he devoted much time, but, far from lucrative, he took up market gardening, settling down at Teddington on a plot of land, in which he diligently cultivated in the intervals of writing his books. His first novel, "Clara Vaughan," was published in 1864, and was followed two years later, by "Cradock Nowell: a Tale of the New Forest." But it was three years later that he made his reputation with "Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor." Mr. Blackmore has since published numerous other works, but "Lorna Doone" remains his finest achievement. Our portrait is by Frederick Jenkins and reproduced by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

Captain Madocks is the officer who distinguished himself in a skirmish at Slingersfontein, near Rensburg. At a critical moment two hundred Boers crept up the hill, where our men were under cover, and opened a severe fire. Captain Orr was badly wounded, and several men of the support force were killed, when Captain Madocks, of the New Zealanders, hearing the heavy fire on the Yorkshires' side of the hill, rushed up and called to the men to fix bayonets and charge. The effort was instantaneous, for, led by Madocks, the men dashed forward and swept the enemy from the hill. Our portrait is by Kinsey and Co., Wellington, N.Z.

Mr. Dunbar Plunket Barton, Q.C., M.P., Solicitor-General for Ireland, who has been appointed a Judge of the High Court in Ireland in the place of the late Right Hon. Mr. Justice O'Brien, is the son of Mr. T. H. Barton, his mother being the Hon. Charlotte Plunket, daughter of the third Lord Plunket, and he is consequently nephew of Lord Strathmore. Mr. Barton entered Parliament in 1891, for Mid Armagh, and he has represented the constituency continuously since without opposition. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.



OSMAN DIGNA, THE GREAT DERVISH LEADER, LATELY CAPTURED
From a Photograph by Dr. W. W. Sinclair



MR. G. BYRON CURTIS
New Editor of the *Standard*



THE LATE MR. GHELLABHAI HARIDAS
Bombay Philanthropist



THE LATE MR. R. D. BLACKMORE
Author of "Lorna Doone"



THE LATE MR. G. W. STEEVENS
Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, who died at
Ladysmith of enteric fever



MR. DUNBAR PLUNKET BARTON, Q.C., M.P.
Appointed a Judge of the High Court in Ireland



CAPTAIN W. MOULD
Officer in military charge of Lord Iveagh's Hospital



MR. J. L. LANGMAN
Who has equipped a Field Hospital for South
Africa



DR. A. CONAN DOYLE
Who is attached to Mr. Langman's Hospital



DR. GEORGE STOKER
Director of Lord Iveagh's Hospital for the Front



LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL
Who has offered to raise a Corps of Rough Riders
for South Africa



SIR HOWARD VINCENT, M.P.
Who volunteered for South Africa



CAPTAIN MADOCKS
Who distinguished himself at Slagersfontein



M. PAUL DESCHANEL
President of the French Chamber of Deputies



COLONEL T. C. PORTER
Who successfully drove back the Boers when
threatening Natal's port



COLONEL A. G. WAVELL
Appointed to Command the 15th Brigade, Seventh
Division, South African Field Force



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR H. M. L. RUNDLE
Appointed to Command the Eighth Division
South African Field Force



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CHARLES TUCKER
Commanding the Seventh Division South African
Field Force



LORD DUNDONALD
Who defeated the Boers at Acton Homes



"Bernaldez lay on his face on the wet stones, with the half-concealed tonsure turned towards Heaven in mute appeal."

A SMALL WORLD

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. SMALL

PART II.

"THERE, Señorita—I have made it myself."

The proprietor of the Venta of the Moor's Mill set down upon the table in front of the inn a cracked dish containing an omelette. It was not a bad omelette, though not quite innocent of wood-ash, perhaps, and somewhat ill-shapen. The man laughed gaily and drew himself up. So handsome a man could surely be forgiven a broken omelette and some charcoal, if only for the sake of his gay blue eyes, his curling brown hair, and his devil-may-care air of prosperity. He looked at the Señorita and laughed in the manner of a man who had never yet failed to "get on" with women. He folded his arms with fine, open gestures, and stood looking with approving nods upon his own handiwork. He was without the shadow of the trailing vine which runs riot over bamboo trellis-work in front of the Venta, affording a much needed shade in this the sunniest spot in all Majorca, and the fierce sun beat down upon his face, which was tanned a deep, healthy brown. He was clad almost in white; for his trousers were of canvas, his shirt of spotless linen. Round his waist he wore the usual Spanish faja or bright red cloth. He was consciously picturesque, and withal so natural, so good-natured, so astonishingly optimistic, as to be quite inoffensive in his child-like conceit.

The Venta of the Moor's Mill stands, as many know, at the northern end of the Val D'Erraha, looking down upon the broader valley, through which runs the high road from Palma to Valdemosa. The city of Palma, itself, is only a few miles away, for such as know the mountain path. Few customers come this way, and the actual trade of the Venta is small. Some day, a German doctor will start a nerve-healing establishment here, with a table d'hôte at six o'clock, and every opportunity for practising the minor virtues—and the Valley of Repose will be the Valley of Repose no longer.

"Ah! It is a good omelette," said the host of the Venta, as Miss Cheyne took up her fork. "Though I have not always been a cook—nor yet an innkeeper."

He raised one finger, shook it from side to side in an emphatic negation, and laughed. Then he turned suddenly, and looked down into the valley with a grave face and almost a sigh.

The man had a history it appeared—and, rarer still, was willing to tell it.

She knew too much of the Spanish race, or perhaps of all men, to ask any questions.

"Yes," she said, pleasantly, "it is a good omelette."

And the man turned sharply and looked at her as if she had said something startling. She noticed his action, and showed surprise.

"It is nothing," he said with a laugh, "only a co-incident—a mere accident. It is said by the peasants that the mind of a friend has wings. Perhaps it is so. As I looked down into the valley I was thinking of a man—a friend. Yes—name of a Saint—he was a friend of mine although a gentleman! Educated, yes, many languages, and Latin. And I—what am I? You see, Señorita, a peasant, who wears no coat."

And he laughed heartily, only to change again suddenly to gravity.

"And as I looked down into the valley I was thinking of my friend—and believe me, you spoke at that moment with something in your voice—in your manner—who knows? which was like the voice and manner of my friend. Perhaps, Señorita, the peasants are right, and the mind of my friend, having wings, flew to us at that moment."

The lady laughed, and said that it might be so.

"It is not that you are English," the innkeeper continued, with easy volubility. "For I know you belong to no other nation. I said so to myself the moment I saw you, riding up here on horse-back alone. I called upstairs to Juanita that there was an English Señorita coming on a horse, and Juanita replied with a malediction, that I should raise my voice when the niño was asleep. She said that if it was the Pope of Rome who came on a horse he must not wake the child. 'No,' I answered, 'but he would have to go upstairs to see it,' and Juanita did not laugh. She sees no cause to laugh at anything connected with the niño—oh, no! it is a serious matter."

He was looking towards the house as he spoke.

"Juanita is your wife," said the Englishwoman.

"Yes. We have been married a year, and I am still sure that she is the most beautiful woman in the world. Is it not wonderful? And she will be jealous if she hears me talking all this while with the Señorita."

"You can tell her that the Señorita has grey hair," said Miss Cheyne, practically.

"That may be," said the innkeeper, looking at her with his head

on one side, and a gravely critical air. "But you still have air"—he shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his hands—air that takes a man's fancy. 'Who knows?'

Miss Cheyne, who had dealt much with a simple accustomed to the statement of simple facts in plain language, laughed. There is a certain rough purity of thought which at the advance of civilisation. And cheap journalism, cheap cheap prudery have not yet reached Spain.

"I know nothing," went on the man, with a shrewd nod of the head. "But the Señorita has a lover. He may be absent, he may be dead—but he is there—he is thanked!"

He touched his broad chest in that part where experience told him that the heart was to be found, and looked Heaven, all with a change of expression and momentary quite incomprehensible to men of northern breed.

Miss Cheyne laughed again without self-consciousness—educated people have a way of arriving at once at those that interest rich and poor alike, which is rather refreshing, the highly educated.

"But I, who talk like a washerwoman, forget that I am an innkeeper," said the man, with a truer tact than is often found in fine linen. And he proceeded to wait on her with a grand air as she were a queen and he a nobleman.

"If Juanita were about it would be different," he said, with the cloth from the table and shaking the crumbs to the four winds. "And the Señorita would be properly served. But—what is the niño is but a fortnight old, and I—I am new at my trade. The Señorita takes coffee?"

Miss Cheyne intimated that she did take coffee.

"And you, perhaps, will take a cup also," she added, with the man bowed in his best manner. He had that perfect *façon*—a certain innate gentleness—which is the character of all Spaniards. His manner indicated an appreciation of the fact, and conveyed at the same time the intimation that he knew well how to behave under the circumstances.

He went into the house from which—all the doors and windows being open—came the sound of his conversation with Juanita while he prepared the coffee. It was quite a frank and open conversation, having Miss Cheyne for its object, and stating that he had not only found the omelette good, but had eaten it all.

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Presently he returned with the coffee-pot, two cups, and a small jug of cream on a tray. He turned the handle of the coffee-pot towards Miss Cheyne, and conveyed in one inimitable gesture that he would take his coffee from no other hand.

"The Señorita is staying in Palma?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Yes."

"For pleasure?"

"No—for business."

The innkeeper laughed gaily and deprecatingly, as if between persons of their station business was a word only to be mentioned as a sort of jest.

"I am the owner of a small property in the island—over in that direction—towards Soller. It is held on the 'rotas' system by a good farmer, who has frequently come to see me where I live at Monistrol, near Barcelona. He has often begged me to come to Majorca to see the property, and now I have come. I am staying a few days at Palma."

"Farming is good in Majorca," said the man shrewdly. "You should receive a large sum for your share of the harvest. I, too, shall buy land presently when I see my chance, for I have the money. Ah, yes; I was not always an innkeeper!"

He sipped his coffee pensively.

"That reminds me again of my friend," he said after a pause. "Why do I think of him this afternoon? It is a strange story; shall I tell it?"

"I shall be glad to hear it," replied Miss Cheyne, in her energetic way. She was stirring her coffee slowly and thoughtfully.

"I knew him in his own country—in America; and then in Cuba—"

Miss Cheyne ceased stirring her coffee suddenly, as if she had come against some object in the cup. A keen observer might have guessed that she had become interested at that moment in this idle tale.

"Ah! You know Cuba?" she said, indifferently interrogative.

"If I know Cuba?" he laughed, and spread out his hands in mute appeal to the gods. "If I know Cuba! When Cuba is an independent republic, Señorita—when the history of all this trouble comes to be written, you will find two names mentioned in its pages. The one name is Antonio. When you are an old woman, Señorita, you can tell your children—or perhaps your grandchildren, if the good God is kind to you—that you once knew Antonio, and took a cup of coffee with him. But you must not say it now—never—never. And the other name is Mateo. You can tell your children, Señorita, when your hair is white, that you once spoke to a man who was a friend to this Mateo."

He finished with his gay laugh, as if he were fully alive to his own fine conceit, and begged indulgence.

"He has been here—sitting where you sit now," he continued, with impressive gravity. "He came to me: 'Antonio,' he said, 'There are five thousand men out there who want you.' 'Amigo,' replied I, 'there is one woman here who does the same'—and I bowed, and Mateo went away without me. I thought he had gone back there—to conduct affair—right in his careless way, with his tongue in his cheek, as it were. He did all with his tongue in his cheek—that queer Mateo. And then came a message from Barcelona, saying that he wanted me. Name of a dog, I went—for his letter was unmistakable. He had, it appeared, had an accident. I found him with his arm in a sling. He had been cared for in the house of an Englishwoman—so much he told—

but I guessed more. This Englishwoman—well he said so little about her that I could only conclude one thing. You know, Señorita—when a man will not talk of a woman... well, it assuredly means something. But there was, it appears, another man—this man, I grind my teeth to tell you of it—he was a priest. One Bernaldez, whom we had both known in Cuba. He had, it appears, come over to Spain in ordinary dress; for he was too well known to travel as Bernaldez, the priest. He was a fine man—so much I will say for him. The Englishwoman was, no doubt, beautiful. Bernaldez met her. She did not know that he was a priest."

Antonio paused, shrugged his shoulders and spread out his arms.

"The devil did the rest—Señorita. And she? Did she care for him? Ah—one never knows with women."

"Perhaps they do not always know themselves," suggested Miss Cheyne, without meeting her companion's eyes.

"Perhaps that is so, Señorita. At all events, Mateo went to these two, when they were together. Mateo was always quick and very calm. He faced Bernaldez, and he told the woman. Then he left them. And I found him in Barcelona two days afterwards, living at the Hotel of the Four Nations, like one in his sleep. 'If Bernaldez wants me,' he said, 'he knows where to find me.' And the next day Bernaldez came to us, where we sat in front of the Café of the Liceo on the Rambla. 'Mateo,' he said, 'you will have to fight me.' And Mateo nodded his head. 'With the revolver.' Mateo looked up with his dry smile. 'I will take you at that game,' he said, 'for nuts'—in the American fashion, Señorita—one of their strange sad jokes. Then Bernaldez sat down—his eyes were hollow; he spoke like one who has been down to the bottom of misery. 'I know a place,' he said, 'that will suit our purpose. It is among the mountains, on the borders of Andorra. You take the train from Barcelona to Berga, the diligencia from Berga to Orgañá. Between Orgañá and La Seo de Urgel is a bridge called La Puente del Diabolo. I will meet you at this bridge on foot on Thursday morning at nine o'clock. We can walk up into the mountains together. I shall bring a small travelling clock with me. We shall stand it on the ground between us, and when it strikes, we fire.'"

Antonio had, in the heat of his narrative, lent forward across the table. With quick gestures he described the whole scene, so that Miss Cheyne could see it as it had passed before his eyes.

"There is a madness, Señorita," he went on, "which shows itself by a thirst for blood. I looked at Bernaldez. He was sane enough, but I think the man's heart was broken. 'It is well,' said Mateo; 'I am your man—at the Puente del Diabolo at nine o'clock on Thursday morning.' And mind you, Señorita, these were not Italians or Greeks—they were a Spaniard and an American—men who mean what they say, whether it be pleasant or the reverse."

Miss Cheyne was interested enough now. She sat, leaning one arm on the table and her chin in the palm of her hand. She held her lip with her teeth and watched the man's quick expressive face.

"We were there at nine o'clock," he went on, "that Mateo, with his arm in a sling. We had passed the night at the hotel of the Libertad at Orgañá, where we both slept well enough. What will you—when one is no longer young, the pulse is slow? The morning mist had descended the mountain side, the air was cold. There—at the Puente, leaning against the wall, cloaked and quiet—was Bernaldez. 'Ah!' he said to me, 'you have come, too?' 'Yes,

Amigo,' I answered, 'but I do not give the word for two friends to let go at each other. Your little clock can do that.' He nodded and said nothing. Señorita, I was sorry for the man. Who was I that I should judge. You remember, you, who read your Bible the writing on the ground? Bernaldez led the way, and he climbed up into the mountains in the morning mist. Somewhere above us there was a little waterfall singing its eternal song, the cloud, where we could not see him, a curlew hung on heavy wings and gave forth his low warning whistle. 'Have care—have a care,' he seemed to cry. Presently Bernaldez stopped and looked around him. It was a desolate place. 'This will be said. And he who drops may be left here. The other turn on his heel, say A Dios, and go in safety.' 'Yes,' answered Mateo. 'This will do as well as any other place.' Bernaldez looked at him, with a laugh. 'Ah,' he said, 'you think that you are sure to kill me—but I shall, at all events, have a shot for my money. Who knows? I may kill you.' 'That is quite possible,' answered Mateo. Bernaldez threw back his cloak. He carried the travelling clock in one hand—a gilt thing made in Paris. 'We stand it here,' he said, on a rock between us. We were in a hollow, far up the mountain side, and the mist wrapped us like a cloak. I know these mountains, Señorita, for it was here the fiercest of the fighting in the last Carlist War took place. There are many dead up there even now, who have never been found, also was in that trouble—ah, no! I was not always an innkeeper."

"Go on with your story," said Miss Cheyne, curtly, and her teeth over her lower lip again.

"We stood there, then, and watched Bernaldez take the from its case. He held it to his ear to make sure that it was going. It seemed to me that it ticked as loud up there as a clock in a room at night. Bernaldez set forward the hands till they at five minutes to eleven. 'The eleventh hour,' said Mateo, his dry laugh. Bernaldez set the clock down again. He took his hat and threw it down to mark the ground. 'Ten past said, and, turning on his heel, counted aloud. I looked instinctively at his bared head. The tonsure was still visible to who sought it; for it was but half-grown over. Mateo counted steps and then turned. The clock gave a little tick, as such do, four minutes before they strike. It seemed to me to hurry pace as we three stood listening in that silence. We could hear the whisper of the clouds as they hurried through the mountains. The clock gave another click, and the two men raised their pistols—similar pattern. The little gong rang out, and immediately two shots, one following the other. Bernaldez had fired. Mateo—a man with a reputation to care for—took a moment for his aim. I heard Bernaldez's bullet sing past his ear like a mosquito. Bernaldez fell forward—thus, on his arms—and the clock had not ceased striking when we stood over him, and Mateo had held the pistol in his left hand."

The narrator finished abruptly with a quick gesture. All through his story he had added a vividness to his description by movements of the hand and head, by his flashing eyes, his sudden fire, so that his hearer could see the scene as he had seen it; could feel the stillness of the mountains; could hear the whisper of the clouds; could see the two men facing each other in the mist. With a gesture he showed her how Bernaldez lay, on his face on the wet stones, with the half-concealed tonsure turned towards Heaven in mute appeal, awaiting the last great hearing of his case in that Court where there is no appeal.

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"And there we left him—Señorita," added Antonio, shortly. He rose, walked away from her to the edge of the great slope and stood looking down into the valley that lay shimmering below him. After a time he came back slowly. In his simplicity he was not ashamed of dimmed eyes.

"I tell you this, Señorita," he said with a laugh, "because you are an Englishwoman, and because this Mateo was my friend. He is an American, his name is Whittaker—Matthew S. Whittaker. And this afternoon I was reminded of him, I know not why. Perhaps it was something that I said myself or some gesture that I made, which I had caught from him. If one thinks much about a person, one may catch his gestures or his manner; is it not so? And then you reminded me of him a second time. That was strange."

"Yes," said Miss Cheyne, thoughtfully, "that was strange."

"He went to Cuba again at once, Señorita—that was a year ago. And I have never heard from him. If, as the peasants say, the mind of a friend has wings—perhaps Mateo's mind has flown on to tell me that he is coming. He said he would come back."

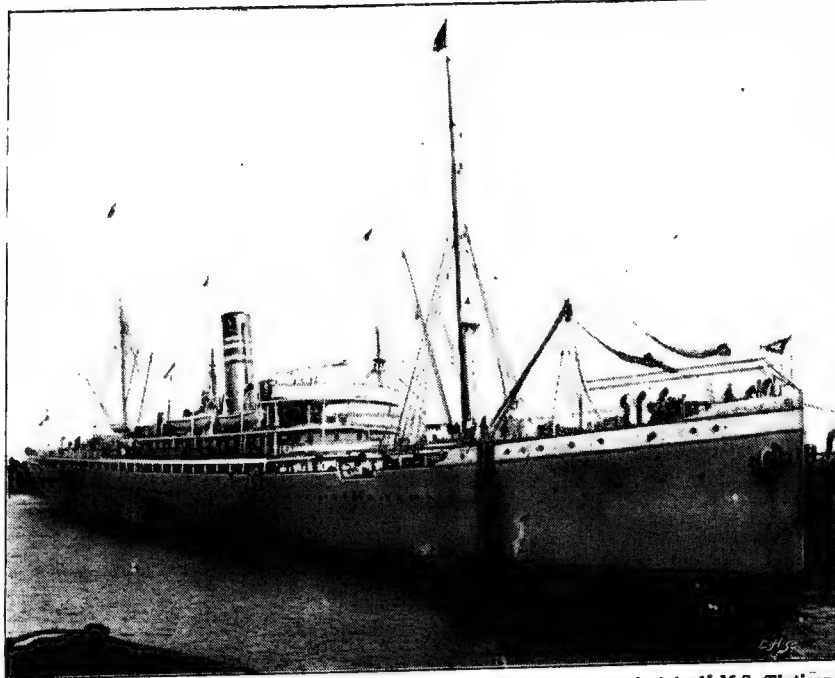
"Why was he coming back?" asked Miss Cheyne.

"I do not know, Señorita."

Miss Cheyne had risen, and was making ready to depart. Her gloves and riding whip lay on the table. The afternoon was far spent, and already the shadows were lengthening on the mountain side. She paid the trifling account, Antonio taking the money with such a deep bow that the smallness of the coin was quite atoned for. He brought her horse from the stable.

"The horse and the Señorita are both tired," he said, with his pleasant laugh. And indeed Miss Cheyne looked suddenly weary. "It is not right that you should go by the mountain path," he added. "It is so easy to lose the way. Besides, a lady alone—it is not done in Spain."

"No—but in England women are learning to take care of themselves," laughed Miss Cheyne. She placed her foot within his



The mail steamer *Herzog*, belonging to the German East Africa line, was seized by H.M.S. *Thetis* and brought into Durban suspected of carrying contraband of war. The vessel had on board the Belgian medical mission sent out to aid the Boer wounded. The steamer, which was bound for Lorenzo Marques, was suspected of also having some officers on board for service with the Boers. The vessel was subsequently released. Our photograph is by Strouper and Co., Hamburg.

THE S.S. "HERZOG" SEIZED IN DELAGOA BAY

curved hands, and he lifted her to the saddle. All her movements were easy and independent. It seemed that she only stated a fact, and the man shook his head forebodingly. He belonged to a country which in some ways is a century behind England and America. She nodded a farewell, and turned the horse's head towards the mountain path.

"I shall find my way," she said. "Never fear."

"Only by good fortune," he answered, with shake of the head.

The sun had almost set when she reached Palma. At the hotel her lawyer, who had made her voyage from Barcelona with her, awaited her with impatience, while her maid leaned idly from the window. In the evening she went abroad alone, in her independent way. She was slowly on the Cathedral terrace, where she lingered, and a few soldiers from the neighboring barracks smoked a leisurely cigarette. All turn intervals, and looked in the same direction—now towards the west, where the daylight yet lingered in the sky. The moon, huge and yellow, was over the mountains, above Manacor, at the end of the island. One by one the soldiers dropped away, moving with leisurely steps to the town. In very idleness Miss Cheyne followed them. She knew that they were going to the harbour in anticipation of the arrival of the Italian steamer. She was on the pier with them when the boat came alongside. The soldiers trooped off, waving salutations to their friends. One among them—a small-made frail man, detached himself from the crowd, and made his way to Miss Cheyne as if this meeting had been arranged—and who shall say that it was by the dim decrees of Fate.

THE END

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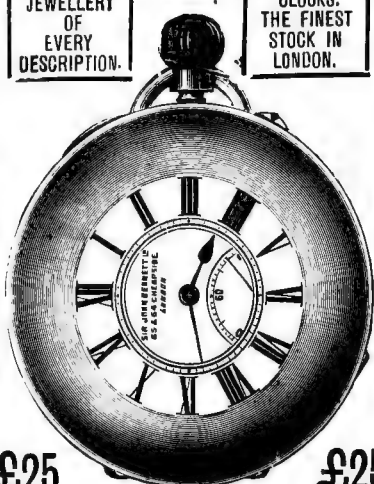


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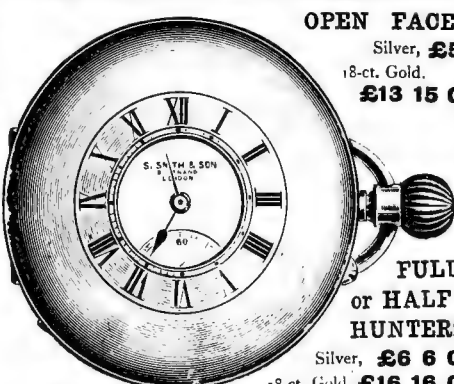
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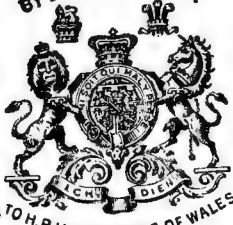
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Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

At the outset of the war there was a rush of titled and well-known non-combatants to the Cape, the impression being general that the campaign would be a walk-over, and that money would be made in South Africa after the discomfiture of the Boer Republics. The subsequent disasters checked this exodus, but now it is generally imagined that the war will soon be terminated and the stream of passengers to South Africa flows freely again. It is difficult to perceive, however, how the vast sums of money which are spoken of are to be made.

Had the war cost what it was originally estimated that it would, the Government might have dealt with matters in the Transvaal very differently than it will. But the nation has already made a great sacrifice in men and money. The financial account with the Transvaal will have to be considered very seriously, and not lightly, as a Government does which has scored an easy triumph and is prepared to act generously towards all concerned. Wild schemes will be discouraged, and the Imperial Government will try to promote equal prosperity for all, whether "Uitlander" or Boer. It is to be expected that many speculative non-combatants will return home the richer only in—experience.

Sir Redvers Buller, before ordering the general advance last week, addressed the men in the following words:—"We are going forward to the relief of our comrades in Ladysmith, and there will be no turning back." That must remind many of the words addressed by the Duke of Wellington to the 81st Regiment at the battle of the Nivelle:—"You must stand firm, my lads, for there is nothing behind you."

There are two men who, should they survive and if misfortune does not overtake them, will assuredly have their services signally rewarded. Those men are Colonel Baden-Powell and Colonel Plumer. Their services in this war have been in harmony with the best traditions of the British Army, and both have conducted their operations with intelligence equal to their courage.

This generation moves too rapidly to remember events which it has left a long way behind. It will surprise many to be reminded that four ornamental volumes were presented to the Queen in 1874, containing addresses and thanks from all the principal towns of France. This was to mark the gratitude of Frenchmen for the relief given to France by Great Britain after the war of 1870. The volumes contain some millions of signatures, and inscribed upon the covers are the words "Britanniae Grata Gallia!" It is not intended to be ungracious to remind our neighbours of that episode.

The readers of this column will remember that, in season after season, the writer has directed public attention to the fact that Ruskin had never been officially recognised, and has urged that title should be offered to him. It is a scandal that Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, and Ruskin, four of the literary giants of our reign, have sunk to their rest ignored, whilst almost every "mediocrity" has honours showered upon him with the unprodigality. Titles have been distributed within recent years almost recklessly, but literature has not been in the thick of it.

Some three years ago Lady Wallace died, and by the testator will the nation inherited the greater part of the magnificent collection known as the Hertford House collection. A committee was appointed by Government to consider how that bequest was to be dealt with, and it is over two years since the report was made. It was understood that the recommendation would take years to carry out, and the nation controlled its impatient determination to wait.

It was announced that the collection would be transferred to the nation on January 1, 1900. Unfortunately that date has not yet been made available, and the gorgeous treasures have not yet been made available to those who have inherited them. The nation is anxious to see the magnificent pictures, china, furniture, bronzes, and other works of art of which it has heard so much. When will that anxiety be allayed?

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE influenza, luckily for animals, is not a complaint which they share with mankind, and while the death-rate of the United Kingdom has been far above the average for mankind, the health of horses, cattle, and sheep has been better than usual. The removal of the muzzle has not been followed by any evil effects in the canine world, and the mild winter has not prevented a general abatement of swine fever. The early lambs in Dorsetshire have come well, and there are few deaths to report among the ewes. The season, to go a step lower in the scale of creation, has been very favourable to plant life, and green vegetables have been unusually plentiful. The prices asked by greengrocers seem exceedingly high, especially for sea-kale, but the high profits of this trade are said to be necessary owing to the heavy losses experienced on unsold produce. The meadows show a good green hue, and there is nothing but praise among farmers concerning the autumn-sown wheat and rye. The root crops are now in requisition for sheep and cattle. The high price of oil-seeds and oilcake continues to incommode the farmer, and when we recall that lean stock were dear last autumn we see that there will be a pretty general loss on the feeding of animals during the winter. Poultry have done well, and laid well, of late.

THE YEOMAN

The spirited reply of this class to the Government call has brought into prominence their position as a national as well as a

military body. The *Outlook* points out that they are a diminishing class. "Great farmers are able to pull through when the two-hundred-acre man goes to the wall." Again, "the great estate tends to grow still greater, and comparatively small holdings to be thrown together into one large tenancy." But is it the wish of England, as a self-governing community, that the yeoman should be squeezed out? If it is not the wish of the nation, is it to be allowed to occur? The reason why the two-hundred-acre man is not the survivor can scarcely be put down to his want of fitness. It is due to his fellow-citizens putting upon him a ruinous handicap. When it comes to fighting, he is bidden to recall the claims his fellow-citizens have upon him as an Englishman, but when it is a matter of farming he is told to stand out of the market in order that his patriotic fellows may buy the competing produce of Dutch, French, Russian, and German farms.

HORSES

The brisk demand for horses is a feature of the winter, and with the slaughter of animals in Africa is likely to be marked for some time to come. So direct is the appeal to us made by the loss of human life that we are apt to forget the thousands of horses killed in every campaign. The suggestion has recently been made that the Government should breed its own cavalry horses, and should do "something for Ireland" by establishing the breeding farms in that country. The sea passage to England is no advantage to horses, however, and the unrivalled climate, for horse breeding, of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and East Anglia makes it at least

desirable that the breeders of these districts should have their fair chance of selling to the Government on the merits of their animals. It is pointed out by an excellent authority that at the moment when thousands of horses are being imported, those of better quality are steadily draining out of the country owing to the far-sighted generosity of foreign buyers, who uniformly outbid the English purchasers.

CANADIAN FARMS AND ENGLISH BUYERS

We are told, on authority which we are not in a position to discredit, that the English Government is now giving a preference to oats grown in the United States over those grown by farmers under the British flag in Canada and Manitoba. As the price lists of the markets give a difference of only 3d. per quarter, or less than hundredth of a penny in the pound between the two kinds, it might have been thought that a patriotic Government would have seen a way to give the Canadian a chance. But these things are in the hands of contractors and of agents who are actuated by motives beyond the scope of our inquiry. The matter rests with these sons' superiors. If they are instructed to buy oats of British colonial sellers, they will have no difficulty in getting excellent stuff for their money. They can get good Canadian oats, 310 lb. the quarter, for 15s. 3d.; they can get good English oats, 312 lb. the quarter, for 16s. 10d.; or they can get splendid New Zealand oats, 384 lb. to the quarter, for 21s. 6d. For horses put to severe work in trying weather the heavy oats are well worth the extra money. Ireland, too, has some useful light oats at 15s. to 15s. 3d. per quarter.

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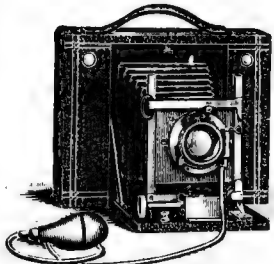
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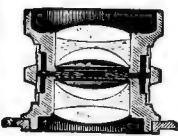


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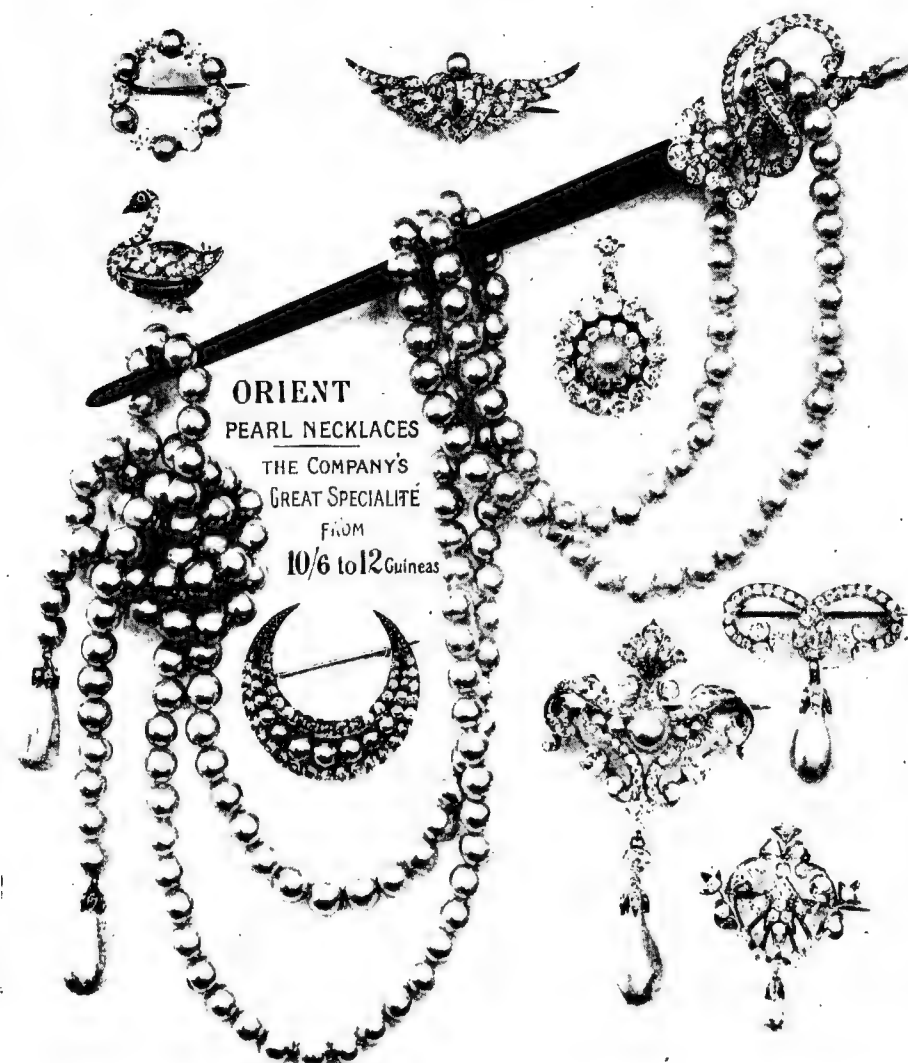
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win. It is altogether a lively story. The menace of religious controversy implied in the title is rather too tediously fulfilled; but the result is too rudimentary, on both sides of the question, to give the reader serious trouble. Few, if any, will differ from Mr. Hocking in seeing no reasonable probability of the return of England to Rome, or in condemning a system which reduces a potential Prime Minister to abject imbecility in about two years.

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"The Human Interest: A Study in Incompatibilities," by Violet Hunt (Methuen and Co.), continues to display all the promise consistently maintained by its unquestionably clever writer, without bringing it appreciably nearer to the performance at which it ought some day to arrive. The central motive is the position of a landscape painter, requiring no "human interest" in his life any more than in

his branch of art, who, nevertheless, cannot escape from the exceeding human interest which no fewer than three young women at once insist upon taking in him. One loves him, but understands him; another also loves him, but with a more selfish passion, if anything so strong as passion could come within Miss Hunt's scheme; the third, without going beyond the merest sentimental flirtation, well-nigh ruins his career by her absurdities. This last, Phoebe Elles, is an amusing and perhaps not very exaggerated portrait of the goose which fancies itself a swan. The poor painter is finally extricated from his unwelcome tangle, much to the reader's gratification as well as his own. A good point of the novel is Miss Hunt's skill in representing the real talk of real people. We do not mean to say for a moment that this is often worth representing: but it falls among the many signs of the promise to which we have referred.

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